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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28*th January* 1927.

Glen 80.

THE

CHARMER:

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS,

CHIEFLY SUCH AS ARE EMINENT FOR

POETICAL MERIT;

AMONG WHICH ARE MANY ORIGINALS, AND OTHERS THAT WERE NEVER BEFORE PRINTED IN A SONG-BOOK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

FOURTH EDITION, WITH IMPROVEMENTS.

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THE CHARMER.

A choice Collection of SONGS.

The power of Muſic; by Mr SMITH.

MUSIC, how pow'rful is thy charm!
That can the fierceſt rage diſarm,
Calm paſſions in a human breaſt,
And lull ev'n jealouſy to reſt;
With amorous thoughts the ſoul inſpire,
Or kindle up a warlike fire.
So great is muſic's pow'r.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
Could rocks remove, and ſtones inſpire;
Command a city to ariſe,
And lofty buildings touch the ſkies;
While ſtones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a wall.

Arion, from his veſſel caſt,
In ſafety o'er the ſeas he paſt:
For, mounted like the ocean's god,
Upon a dolphin's back he rode,
Whilſt ſhoals of fiſhes flock'd around,
Well pleas'd drank in the charming ſound.

Sad Orpheus, through hell's dreary coaſt,
Was ſeeking for his conſort loſt,
His muſic drew the ghoſts along,
And furies liſten'd to his ſong;

His ſong could Charon's rage diſarm,
And Pluto and his conſort charm.

Inflam'd by muſic ſoldiers fight,
Inſpir'd by muſic poets write;
Muſic can heal the lover's wounds,
And calm fierce rage by gentle ſounds;
Philoſophy attempts in vain,
What muſic can with eaſe attain.
So great is muſic's pow'r.

Tune, ALLOA-HOUSE.

MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
When Phebe went with me where-ever I went;
Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt;
Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt:
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the ſpring; but, alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep;
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day:
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known:
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart——I am ſure, it weighs more than a [pound.

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;

Muſt

Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy the time,
When ſpring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolicks, when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee,
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I with a four look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook;
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his maſter, when Phebe's away!

When walking with Phebe, what ſights have I ſeen?
How fair was the flow'r, how freſh was the green?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made?
But now ſhe has left me, though all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

Sweet muſic went with us both, all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet:
But now ſhe is abſent, though ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the conſort, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of their ſweetneſs the bloſſoms beguile?
That meadow, thoſe daiſies, why do they not ſmile!
Ah! rivals, I ſee why it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine; for a place in her breaſt;
You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her boſom to die.

How ſlowly time creeps, till my Phebe return,
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down [the lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah! Colin, old time is yet full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove.
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No deity bids the dear nymph to return,
Though ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do! I ſhall die with deſpair!
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how you love one ſo fair.

Tune, *The broom of Cowden-knows.*

SUbjected to the pow'r of love,
By Nell's reſiſtleſs charms,
The fancy fix'd, no more can rove,
Or fly love's ſoft alarms.

Gay Damon had the ſkill to ſhun
All traps by Cupid laid,
Until his freedom was undone,
By Nell the conqu'ring maid.

But who can ſtand the force of love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon! happy fair!
What Cupid has begun,
May faithful Hymen take a care
To ſee it fairly done. G.

OF race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since naething earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's ſake, Oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O! for their ſake ſupport a ſlave,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your ſake,
What man can do I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.

My paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like bees that ſuck the morning-dew,
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upon thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers, through the night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean?
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou ſhould be queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhould twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let na ſcorn undo me.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
And with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him who loves thee.
An thou wert my ain thing, &c.

HOW bleſt has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own?
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, &c.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolick and play:
How pleaſing their ſport is! The wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me.
And borrow their looks, &c.

To try her ſweet temper, oft-times am I ſeen,
In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and ſmiles.
And meets me at night, &c.

What though on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.
And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to inſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure, how vainly you roam?
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.
To hold it for life, &c.

AT St Oſyth by the mill
There lives a lovely laſs;
O, had I her good-will,
How gayly life would paſs!
No bold intruding care
My bliſs ſhould e'er annoy;
Her ſmiles would kill deſpair,
And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural ſcene,
Her artleſs beauties charm;
Like them with joys ſerene,
Our wiſhing hearts they warm.
Her wit with ſweetneſs crown'd,
Steals every ſenſe away;
The liſt'ning ſwains around
Forget the ſhort'ning day.

Health,

Health, freedom, wealth, and eaſe,
Without her, taſteleſs are;
She gives them pow'r to pleaſe,
And makes them worth our care.
Is there, ye fates, a bliſs
Reſerv'd, my future ſhare?
Indulgent hear my wiſh,
And grant it all in her.

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

CHarming is your ſhape and air,
And your face as morning fair;
Coral lips, and neck of ſnow,
Cheeks where op'ning roſes blow:
When you ſpeak, or ſmile, or move,
All is rapture, all is love.

But thoſe eyes, alas! I hate,
Eyes that, heedleſs of my fate,
Shine with undiſcerning rays,
On the fopling idly gaze,
Watch the glances of the vain,
Meeting mine with cold diſdain.

BLow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friends remember'd not.

W. SHAKESPEAR.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Can madneſs and reaſon agree?
O Molly, who'd ever be wiſe,
If madneſs is loving of thee?
Let ſages pretend to deſpiſe
The joys they want ſpirits to taſte,
Let me ſeize old time as he flies,
And the bleſſings of life while they laſt.

Dull wiſdom but adds to our care,
Briſk love will improve ev'ry joy;
Too ſoon we may meet with gray hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.
Then Molly, for what ſhould we ſtay,
Till our beſt blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

RUSSELL.

The ANSWER.

CAN lawleſs deſire be call'd love?
Can reaſon and folly agree?
O Molly, if wiſe you would prove,
Take care that you be not too free.
Let profligate wretches pretend,
They alone have a reliſh for joy;
They affirm what they cannot defend,
And themſelves their own pleaſures deſtroy.

Brighs

Bright wiſdom relieves all our cares,
Mad paſſion produces diſtreſs,
Conveying it down to gray hairs,
Too late for the hope of redreſs.
Then, Molly, be kind to the youth,
Whoſe virtue deſerves your reſpect;
His ardour attended with truth,
Will prevent any fears of neglect.

WHY heaves my fond boſom? ah what can it mean!
Why flutters my heart that was once ſo ſerene?
Why this ſighing and trembling when Daphne is near?
Or why, when ſhe's abſent, this ſorrow and fear?

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The thouſand ſoft charms that embelliſh your face.
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
With thy face I am charm'd, but inſlav'd by thy mind.

Untainted by folly, unſullied by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reſide.
Pray heaven that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him, who, without thee, muſt die.

Tune, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

BLeſs'd as th' immortal gods is he
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My

My bosom glow'd; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play:
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Tune, *To daunton me.*

ALas! when charming Sylvia's gone,
I sigh and think myself undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
Thoughtless of all but her I rove.
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me so?
I die with grief when she must go,
But I revive at her return;
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
Say, can they be to friendship due!

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleasing pain;
For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
Gods, if the truest must be bless'd,
O let her be by me possess'd.

THou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,

Dispel

Diſpel the miſt, and clear the ſkies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O ! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's top-moſt bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
What wood conceals my ſleeping maid ?
Up by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh ! could I ride on clouds and ſkies,
Or on the ravens pinions riſe !
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliſs too long my bride denies ;
Apace the waſting ſummer flies :
Nor yet the wint'ry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms, or night ſhall keep me here.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare :
Oh ! love has fetters ſtronger far :
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt :
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt.
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay ;
Away to Orra, haſte away.

WOuld you taſte the noon-tide air ;
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you.

Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes

Lightly

Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry Phebus ſcorching round.

Round the languid herds and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks ſleep;
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe.

All alone—yet, in her arms,
Your breaſt may beat to love's alarms,
Till bleſs'd and bleſſing, you ſhall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

STella, darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming ſpring;
Sweeteſt theme the poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

Whilſt my ſoul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind,
All the beauties, all the graces
Of thy ſex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breaſt alternate riſe:
Words no more can paint my paſſion,
Than the pencil can thine eyes.

Laviſh nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy cheeks and lips hath ſpread
Colours that do ſhame the morning,
Shining with celeſtial red.

Pallas, Venus, now muſt never
Boaſt their charms triumphant ſit;
Stella bright outvying either,
This in beauty, that in wit.

Could the gods, in bleſs'd condition,
Ought on earth with envy view,

Lovely Stella, their ambition
Would be to reſemble you.

CHloe, be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at ſuch a rate.
Should I your ſcorn return, 'twould vex ye.
Love much abus'd, will turn to hate.

How can you, lovely, charming creature,
Put on the look of cold diſdain?
Women were firſt deſign'd by nature,
To give a pleaſure, not a pain.

Kindneſs creates a flame that's laſting,
When other charms are fled away:
Think on the time we now are waſting;
Throw off thoſe frowns, and love obey.

LEVERIDGE.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

IT is not, Celia, in our pow'r
To ſay how long our love will laſt;
It may be we, within this hour,
May loſe thoſe joys we now do taſte:
The bleſſed, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then, ſince we mortal lovers are,
Aſk not how long our love will laſt;
But, while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt.
Were it not madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die?

Fear not: though love and beauty fail,
My reaſon ſhall my heart direct:
Your kindneſs now ſhall then prevail,
And paſſion turn into reſpect.

Celia,

Celia, at worſt, you'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend. G. ETHERIGE.

Tune, *The laſs that wou'd know how to manage a man.*

I Love thee by heav'ns, I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my paſſion a cooling:
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it ſhall make up in deeds,
Then why ſhould we waſte time in ſtuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a promiſe exceeds.
A word to the wiſe is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a goddeſs my heart, ſhe ſhould e'en lie alone,
If ſhe made many words to a bargain.

I'm a Quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been ſaying;
Pr'ythee be thou ſo too, ſeek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery-ſuit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a ſpirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an ending.

Long courtſhip's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical ſinners;
Where the ſtomachs are loſt, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men ſit down to their dinners.

CONCANEN.

ONce more I'll tune the vocal ſhell,
To hills and dales my paſſion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy.

Yet greater bards the lyre ſhould hit;
For pray what ſubject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The ſun juſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangl'd thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis' lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous as, undreſt,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All pleaſes while ſhe's in my ſight;
But when ſhe's gone 'tis endleſs night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyrs on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damaſk roſe,
They do not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And, truſt me, nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the waters love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy.
And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that wounds my heart,
My words ſhall be, when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

Young

YOung Celia, in her tender years,
Like th' roſe-bud on its ſtalk,
Fill'd with a virgin's modeſt fears,
Stepp'd forth one eve to walk.
She oft had heard of love's blind boy,
And wiſh'd to find him out,
Expecting then to meet the joy
Of which ſhe'd been in doubt.

A pleaſant ſhady grove ſhe ſpy'd,
Where trembling aſpens ſhook;
Cloſe to its flow'ry verge did glide
A murm'ring limpid brook.
Amyntor ſighing there ſhe found,
She heard him talk of love;
His crook lay by him on the ground,
While thus he pray'd to Jove.

Grant, mighty powr! that I may find
Some eaſe within this breaſt;
Grant that my Celia may be kind,
And make Amyntor bleſt.
Grant her to know the force of love,
And of her ſwain's deſire;
Grant that of me ſhe may approve,
And more I'll ne'er require.

WHat care I for affairs of ſtate?
Or who is rich, or who is great?
How far abroad th' ambitious roam,
To bring or gold or ſilver home?
What is't to me, if France and Spain
Conſent to peace, or war maintain?

I pay my taxes, peace or war,
And wiſh all well at Gibraltar;
But mind a cardinal no more
Than any other ſcarlet whore.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, but this requeſt,
And let who will the world conteſt.

Near ſome ſmooth ſtream, O let me keep
My liberty, and feed my ſheep;
A ſhady walk, well lin'd with trees;
A garden, with a range of bees;
An orchard, which good apples bears,
Where ſpring a long green mantle wears,

Where winters never are ſevere;
Good barley-land to make good beer;
With entertainment for a friend;
To ſpend in peace my latter end,
In honeſt eaſe, and home-ſpun gray;
And let the ev'ning crown the day.

Tune, *Love's a gentle gen'rous paſſion.*

AWay, let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought diſturb the heav'nly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles, grace our blood;
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours,
And, to be noble, will be good.

What though from Fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content, without exceſs.

Still ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where-e'er 'tis ſpoke:

And

And all the great ones they ſhall wonder,
How they admire ſuch little folk.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet-ſmiling babes, our bed.

Oh! how I'd love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they're fondly clung,
To ſee them look their mother's features,
To hear them liſp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
I'll go a-wooing in my boys.

TO Fanny fair could I impart
The cauſe of all my woe!
That beauty which has won my heart,
She ſcarcely ſeems to know.
Unſkill'd in th' arts of womankind,
Without deſign ſhe charms;
How can thoſe ſparkling eyes be blind,
Which every boſom warms?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhows,
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than the op'ning budding roſe,
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much,
Upon a thorny brier grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſt;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt:

Th' in-

Th' inchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurpriſe,
Prepare me for my doom;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

YE ſylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where ſweetly-winding Fortha glides,
Conduct me to thoſe banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
Theſe banks that breathe their vernal ſweets,
Where ev'ry ſmiling beauty meets;
Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
And chear the hearts of ev'ry ſwain.

Thrice happy were thoſe golden days,
When I, amidſt the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And Molly's charms were all my ſong.
While ſhe was preſent, all were gay,
No ſorrow did our mirth allay;
We ſung of pleaſure, ſung of love,
And muſic breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happieſt ſwain!
No adverſe fortune marr'd my joy;
The ſhepherd ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we ſtray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Molly lull'd aſleep:
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd, and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, ſhe faintly blam'd,
Why, *Damon*, are you not aſham'd?

Oft

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſic chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

Ye ſylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
To whom we ſwains our cares impart,
Reſtore me to theſe bleſs'd abodes,
And eaſe, Oh eaſe my love-ſick heart!
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When Moll and I ſhall part no more;
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

AS charming Clara walk'd along,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
Like Jove, deſcending from his tow'r,
To court her in a ſilver ſhow'r.
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſts,
Like little birds into their neſts;
But, being o'ercome with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolv'd into a tear;
Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms*, &c.

ON Belvidera's boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,
The cold regardleſs maid to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I ſue,
You firſt have taught me how to love,
Oh teach me to be happy too.

But

But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis ev'ry prudent maid's concern,
Her lover's fondness to improve,
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

From the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Tune, *Happy Clown.*

HID from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants, and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unsully'd with a crime;
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

Tune, *Gilder Roy.*

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant-beauty cou'd beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfections preſt:
So love as unperceiv'd did fly
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

Tune, *Kind Robin lo'es me.*

WHilſt I alone your ſoul poſſeſs'd,
And none more lov'd your boſom preſs'd,
Ye gods, what king like me was bleſs'd,
When kind Jeany lo'ed me!

Whilſt you ador'd no other fair,
Nor Kate with me your heart did ſhare,
What queen with Jeany could compare,
When kind Robin lo'ed me!

Katie now commands my heart,
Kate who ſings with ſo much art,
Whoſe life to ſave with mine I'd part;
For kind Katie lo'es me.

Patie now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whoſe life to ſave I'd periſh twice;
For kind Patie lo'es me.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the strongest chain?
For kind Robin lo'es thee.

Though Patie's kind as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin lo'es me.

Tune, *Willie was a wanton wag.*

SHall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own;
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go:
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE

THE ſilent night her ſables wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrouded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe, and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within my cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling breaſt and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield, and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſs'd a man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd riſe, and let me in.

But, ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd wi' bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull;
And I, that was as much concerned,
Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin:
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;

But wedded, and conceal'd our crime.
Thus all was well again.
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

SEnd home my long-ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which, ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd ſuch ill,
To ſweetly ſmile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me home my heart and eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy lyes,
And laugh one day, perhaps when thou
Salt grieve for one
Thy love will ſcorn,
And prove as falſe as thou art now. Dr Don.

WHat beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtilt ſweeter than thoſe;
Where nature doth fancy exceed.
No daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſſing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſic inchant ev'ry buſh.

Come,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never carelefsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs;
Then, to eaſe the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excell,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

Tune, *Leith Wynd.*

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart;
I paſs the day in pain;
When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, whilſt thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy charms;
Deluſive dreams, ten thouſand ways,
Preſent thee to my arms.
Then waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline

Thoſe pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine,
Thy petticoat would give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight,
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine:
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Tune, *Pinky-Houſe.*

AS Sylvia in a foreſt lay,
To vent her woe alone,
Her ſwain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan.
Ah! is my love (ſaid ſhe) to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain?

You vow'd the light ſhould darkneſs turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore?
But, ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.

'Tis

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
What cause, Sylvander, have I given
For cruelty so great?
Yes;—for your sake I slighted heaven,
And hugg'd you into hate.
For you delighted, I could die:
But, oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that cred'lous constant I
Should by yourself be kill'd.
But what avail my sad complaints,
While you my case neglect?
My wailing inward sorrow vents,
Without the wish'd effect.
This said,—all breathless, sick, and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven. J. MITCHELL.

WIth broken words, and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah! woe's my hear that we should sunder.
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.
Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder;
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauty which invites my wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, though we ſunder.
Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me, though we ſunder.
Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her, I may find her:
When that bleſs'd time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

HAppy's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heaven, relate
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh'd, ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe on Yarrow.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board;
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips her kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points at thee.

Believe not what the land-men ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind,
They'll tell thee, ſailors when away
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes; believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Though

Though battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Though canons roar, yet fafe from harms
William fhall to his dear return:
Love turns afide the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears fhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatfwain gave the dreadful word,
The fails their fwelling bofom fpread;
No longer muft fhe ftay aboard:
They kifs'd; fhe figh'd; he hung his head.
Her leff'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu, fhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand. GAY.

I'LL range around the fhady bow'rs,
And gather all the fweeteft flow'rs;
I'll ftrip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When, in the fultry heat of day,
My thirfty nymph does panting lie,
I'll haften to the fountain's brink,
And drain the ftream that fhe may drink.

At night, when fhe fhall weary prove,
A graffy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a fhade,
That nothing may her reft invade.

And, whilft diffolv'd in fleep fhe lies,
Myfelf fhall never clofe theſe eyes;
But gazing ftill with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as foon as chearful day
Has chas'd the gloomy fhades away,
Forth to the foreft I'll repair,
And find proviſion for my fair.

Thus will I fpend the day and night,
Still mixing labour with delight;

Regarding

Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can eaſe for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant ſhore,
And never think of woman more. H. CAREY.

OH! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May,
When the breezes fan the trees, is
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay.
When the breezes fan the trees, &c.

Oh! what joys our proſpects yield,
Charming joys, &c.
When in new livery we ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field.
When in new livery, &c.

Oh! how freſh the morning air,
When the Zephyrs and the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare.

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy pillows, by the trillows
Of a gentle purling ſtream.

Oh! how kind the country-laſs,
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking,
For a green gown on the graſs.

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the concluſion, her confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming, charming curds and cream,
When all is over, ſhe gives her lover,
Who on the ſkimming diſh carves her name.
When all is over, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Auld Sir Simon the King.*

A Trifling ſong you ſhall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people, draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
And the women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal man would be able,
At Whyte's half an hour to ſit?
Or who could bear a tea-table,
Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
Gold keys are no trifles, we ſee;
White rods are no trifles I'm ſure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will ſhew you his Grace
Makes promiſes trifles indeed!

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor ſin;
But, ye gods, how oft do we find
A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flaſk of champagne people think it
A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
A widow's a trifle in ſorrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
The reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe at ev'ry new play,
The houſe they with trifles ſo throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot,
The author of this is a trifle,
And his ſong is a trifle to boot. FARQUHAR.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

IF Heaven, its bleſſings to augment,
Call Henny to the ſkies,
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that ſhe dies:
For in this earth there is no fair
Can give ſuch joy to me!
How great muſt then be my deſpair,
My Henny, if thou die?

But now pale ſickneſs leaves her face,
And now my charmer ſmiles;
New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
And all my fear beguiles:

The

The bounteous pow'rs have heard the prayers
I daily made for thee;
Like them be kind, and eaſe my cares,
Elſe I myſelf muſt die.

Tune, *Cotillon.*

YOuth's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay, while we may,
Beauty's a flower deſpis'd in decay;
Youth's the ſeaſon, &c.

Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Our's is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing, time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.

Chorus, Let us drink, *&c.* J. GAY.

Tune, *Woe's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS Hamilla then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treaſure;
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future life be pleaſure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heaven is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms ariſe,
Roſy ſmiles, and [illegible]dling bluſhes;

Love,

Love ſits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her ſecret wiſhes.

Haſte then from th' Idalian grove,
Infant ſmiles, and ſports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your ſweet embraces.

Softeſt raptures, free from noiſe,
This fair happy night ſurround us:
While a thouſand ſpritely joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus, unſour'd with care or ſtriſe,
Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt bleſſing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing.

Tune, *The broom of Cowden-knows.*

TEach me, Chloe, how to prove
My boaſted flame ſincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.
Sleep in vain diſplays her charms,
To bribe my ſoul to reſt;
In vain ſhe ſpreads her ſilken arms,
And courts me to her breaſt.

Where can Strephon find repoſe,
If Chloe is not there?
For, ah! no peace his boſom knows,
When abſent from the fair.
What though Phœbus from on high
With-holds his chearful ray?
Thine eyes can well his light ſupply,
And give me more than day.

Tune, *Logan Water.*

TEll me, Hamilla, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments ſhun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppreſs'd,
Seeking its mother ev'ry where;
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty blaſt,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face;
Not with a hateful ſtep purſue,
As age, to rifle ev'ry grace.

Ceaſe then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all rivals to outſhine;
Now grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms, and fly to mine.

W. HAMILTON.

Tune, *I lo'ed a bonny lady.*

TEll me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never eaſe my pain?
Muſt I die for ev'ry feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The deſire of admiration
Is the pleaſure you purſue;
Pray thee, try a laſting paſſion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and ſighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy ways beſeeming?
Will my dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the joy of women,
Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my desperate thoughts increase;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be:
But when you have done cocquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

The REPLY.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more:
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain; since any pow'r,
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll soothe the ills I cannot cure;
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

STella and Flavia ev'ry hour
Do various hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd:
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boaſt, fair Flavia, boaſt thy face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore:
Thy charms will every day decreaſe;
Each day gives Stella more.

Tune, *Broom of Cowden-knows.*

PIous Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but aſk the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner. W. CONGREVE.

Tune, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

MY goddeſs Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lilies ſweet, as ſoft as air,
Let looſe thy treſſes, ſpread thy charms,
And to my love give freſh alarms.

O! let me gaze on theſe bright eyes,
Though ſacred lightning from them flies;
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambroſia in a kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in bliſs;
That I may mix my ſoul with thine,
And make the pleaſure all divine.

O! hide thy boſom's killing white,
(The milky way is not ſo bright),
Leſt you my raviſh'd ſoul oppreſs,
With beauty's pomp, and ſweet exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?

Thou

Thou art all over endleſs charms;
O! take me dying to thy arms. ROCHESTER.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madneſs ſure in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live!

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Miſella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why,
Seek the riddle in the ſkies. A. PHILLIPS.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the ſtreets does cry 'em;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em;
But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely:
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:

But let him bang his belly-full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday:
For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church;
And often am I blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named:
I leave the church in ſermon-time,
And ſlink away with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My maſter, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave, and row a galley:
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally;
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our own alley.

H. CAREY.

Love,

LOve, thou art the beſt of human joys,
Our chiefeſt happineſs below;
All other pleaſures are but toys,
Muſic without thee is but noiſe,
Beauty but an empty ſhow.

Heav'n, that knew beſt what man could move,
And raiſe his thoughts above the brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love;
That only muſt his ſoul improve,
Howe'er philoſophers diſpute.

'TWas when the ſeas were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Oh! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear!
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?

Why

Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eye thoſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd. J. GAY.

Tune, *The broom of Cowden-knows.*

BLow on ye wind, deſcend ſoft rain,
To ſoothe my tender grief:
Your ſolemn muſic lulls my pain,
And yields me ſhort relief.
Chorus. O my heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as 'twould burſt in twain!
No tongue can e'er deſcribe its ſmart;
Nor I conceal its pain.

In ſome lone corner would I ſit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor ſhow, nor ſparkling wit,
Can eaſe my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

The ſun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes;
And in dark ſhades I paſs the day,
Where echo ſleeping lies.

The ſparkling ſtars which gayly ſhine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,

Are

Are all ſuch cruel foes of mine,
I ſicken at their ſight.

The gods themſelves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bleſs the nymph
Who only you adore.

The ſtrongeſt paſſion of the mind,
The greateſt bliſs we know,
Ariſes from ſucceſsful love,
If not the greateſt woe.

CYnthia frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet ſhe's vex'd if I give over,
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her lover.
Thus in doubting ſhe refuſes,
And not winning thus ſhe loſes.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you:
Then, too late, deſire will find you,
When the power muſt forſake you.
Think upon the ſad condition,
To be paſt, yet wiſh fruition. CONGREVE.

Tune, *Strephon's complaint.*

WHen Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart if this be love?
Tell me, my heart, &c.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring or ſhady grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When arm'd with inſolent diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph in my pain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

WHat though they call me country-laſs?
I read it plainly in my glaſs,
That for a ducheſs I might paſs:
O could I ſee the day!
Would Fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way.

Surrounded by a croud of beaus,
With ſmart toupees and powder'd cloaths,
At rivals I'd turn up my noſe;
O could I ſee the day!
I'll dart ſuch glances from theſe eyes,
Shall make ſome Duke or Lord my prize;
And then, O how I'll tyrannize,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way!

O then for every new delight,
For equipage and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night.
O could I ſee the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,

In

In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way. H. CAREY.

Tune, *The bonny gray-ey'd morn*, &c.

'TIS woman that ſeduces all mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts,
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms. J. GAY.

Tune, *Cumbernauld-Houſe.*

FRom anxious zeal and factious ſtrife,
From all th' uneaſy cares of life,
From beauty ſtill to merit blind,
And ſtill to fools and coxcombs kind;
To where the woods, in brighteſt green,
Like riſing theatres are ſeen,
Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
And draws freſh ſtreams from ev'ry hill;

Where Philomel, in mournful ſtrains,
Like me of hopeleſs love complains,
Retir'd I paſs the livelong day,
And idly trifle life away:
My lyre to tender accents ſtrung,
I tell each ſlight, each ſcorn and wrong,
Then reaſon to my aid I call,
Review paſt ſcenes and ſcorn them all.

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
And trace the glorious ſource of light:
But ſhould Clarinda there appear,
With all her charms of ſhape and air,

How

How frail my fixt reſolves would prove,
Again I'd yield, again I'd love!

Tune, *Pinky-Houſe.*

YE weſtern climes where Peggy goes!
Ye bleſt retreats of love!
Your ſweetneſs all to her diſcloſe;
Like Eden round her prove.
Ye Zephyrs, breathe your fanning gales.
Where-e'er her ſteps do guide,
O'er verdant meads and fragrant gales,
Deck'd in rich flow'ry pride.

Ye gay poetic tribes, that ſing
Among the blooming ſprays!
Make ev'ry grove with muſic ring,
And charm her with your lays.
Her morning and her ev'ning hours,
Ye nightingales, ſtill glad!
Regale her in your ſhady bow'rs,
With mirth and ſerenade.

Let babbling echo-nymphs, that dwell
The hollow caves among,
Their notes and meaſures anſw'ring tell,
And lengthen out the ſong
Ye watchful pow'rs! (I paſs your names),
When ſhe to ſlumber goes,
Becalm her ſoul with pleaſing dreams,
And ſweeten her repoſe.

When Phebus climbs a clearer ſky,
And blazes o'er the pole,
Drinking the cryſtal currents dry,
Among the meads that roll;
Ye ſylvan nymphs, if ſhe repair
Unto the cooling ſtreams,
In ſhining bands attend the fair,
And ſhade her from his beams.

Her

Her golden locks with diamonds tye,
Her waſte with care unlace;
And loudly cry if danger's nigh,
Whilſt ſhe's in her undreſs.
Defend my dearer ſelf from death,
When on the deep ſhe lies:
If ought ſhould ſink her down beneath,
With her her lover dies.

O may the ſun ride poſting down!
And time no meaſure know,
Till ſhe return, our bliſs to crown,
And make our joys o'erflow.
May happineſs and ev'ry bliſs
That lovely ſhe attend:
I crave nae mair; in Peggy fair
My ſong and wiſhes end. A. B.

Tune, *The Mill, Mill—O.*

'TWas Pope firſt in vogue
Brought the blythe Molly Mogg,
And flouriſh'd her praiſe with his quill—O;
But I ſtrange, that as yet our Twickenham wit
Ne'er thought on a neighbouring mill—O.
That the ſea's foaming juice did Venus produce,
Let poets inſiſt on it ſtill—O;
Yet I ſtoutly aver, that a fairer than her
Took her riſe from the froth of the mill—O.

Then ſay, O ye nine! how a nymph ſo divine
Could the lap of a miller's wife fill—O?
Say, did not ſome god ſtray out of the road,
And ſet up his ſtaff in the mill—O.
Jove, roguiſh and looſe, in the ſhape of a gooſe,
Did Leda ſo lovingly bill—O,
That Helen ſhe hatch'd, who ne'er yet was match'd,
But by this fair maid of the mill—O.

In another diſguiſe, Alcmene he plies,
Like Amphitryon, he frolick'd his fill—O:
Then why might not Jove, as a cloke for his love,
Take upon him the man of the mill—O?
To tell ev'ry grace of this freſh-water laſs,
I own far ſurpaſſes my ſkill—O;
Even Pope could not do't, and from head to foot
Deſcribe the fair maid of the mill—O.

If Homer inflam'd, had an hundred tongues claim'd,
Such an arduous taſk to fulfil—O;
Yet I tell the old bard, the caſe were too hard,
Though he had all the clacks in the mill—O.
Ye beaus all beware, ſhe's bewitchingly fair,
Her eyes moſt aſſuredly kill—O;
And a boſom more ſleek than the downy ſwan's neck,
Has this deareſt ſweet maid of the mill—O.

Under petticoat red, though her feet be well hid,
Yet peep they alternately will—O;
Which plainly doth ſhew, that more charms lie perdue,
In this deareſt ſweet maid of the mill—O.
Then fy, muſe, beware, it were better by far,
Such charms as theſe to conceal—O,
Leſt thereby you might new rivals incite,
And bring more ſacks to the mill—O.

With influence benign, ah! would ſhe incline
With her ſtars to favour my will—O!
That I might be with her, 'twere rapture, I ſwear,
And muſic to live in the mill—O.
Then, fair maid, be kind, nor with water and wind,
Unconſtant turn round like the wheel—O;
Leſt, when I am dead, it may truly be ſaid,
That your heart was the ſtone of the mill—O.

Kitty,

KItty, tender, gay, and blooming,
Lover! wouldſt thou hope to gain?
Warmly court, grow more preſuming,
Maids deſpiſe the baſhful ſwain.
When ſhe's coldeſt, preſs her boldeſt;
Fondly ſeize her, claſp her, ſqueeze her,
Kiſs her lips, her neck, her breaſts,
And you'll ſoon, you'll ſoon be bleſt, *&c.*
But if after ev'ry trial,
Every proof of tender art,
She, with coldneſs and denial,
Still proves coy, and mocks your ſmart,
Ceaſe dull whining, moping, pining,
Vex her, grieve her, ſlight her, leave her,
Stamp, frown, ſwear, and bid adieu,
Ceaſe to court,—and ſhe'll court you, *&c.*

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land*, &c.

MY deareſt maid, ſince you deſire
To know what I would wiſh,
What ſtore of wealth I would require
To gain true happineſs;
This faithful inventory take,
Of all that life can eaſy make. *Fa, la, la,* &c.

Here happy only are the few,
Who with to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their ſmall income;
An income which ſhould ever be
The fruit of honeſt induſtry.

A ſoul ſerene, and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd;
A body that's with health endu'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

A heart that's always circumſpect,
Unknowing to deceive;
Yet ever wiſely does reflect,
Not eaſy to believe.
And for my dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat, without a ſtain.

A cleanly hearth, and chearful fire
To drive away the cold:
A moderate glaſs one would require,
When merry tales are told;
The comp'ny of an eaſy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

To give true reliſh to delight,
A chaſte and chearful wife,
With ſweeteſt humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life:
Sound ſleep, whoſe kind deluſive turn
Shall join the ev'ning to the morn.

So would we live agreeably,
And always be content;
To providence ay thankful be
For all thoſe bleſſings ſent.
Ye powers above, but grant me this,
No more I'll aſk, no more I'll wiſh. J. W.

Tune, *Ettrick banks.*

WHen firſt thoſe blooming charms I ſpy'd
That ſmiling play on Annie's face,
Her air without affected pride,
Her ſhape, her mein, and ev'ry grace;
My heart, and ev'ry pulſe beat faſt,
In hurry all my ſpirits mov'd;
I felt new motions in my breaſt:
The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd.

But

But when her mirth, and lively ſenſe,
With pleaſure I attentive heard,
Her wit and chearful innocence
In ev'ry thought and word appear'd.
Thoſe lovely beauties of her mind
A noble laſting joy impart,
Excite a paſſion more refin'd,
And doubly captivate the heart.

When Annie's preſence I enjoy,
A pleaſant warmth within me glows;
No care then dares my bliſs annoy,
My ſoul with love and joy e'erflows.
Thus, when the glorious god of day
Diſpels the gloomy ſhades of night,
Nature reviving, all looks gay,
And welcomes the returning light.

Oh! would my charmer make me bleſt,
And yield to eaſe her lover's pain,
My fears all gone, my mind at reſt,
Then peace and joy ſhould ever reign.
Each happy hour, with freſh delight,
Would paſs away in mutual love;
In peace we'd ſpend the day and night,
And emulate the bleſs'd above.

Tune, *The ſpinning-wheel.*

'TWas on a ſunſhine ſummer's day,
When all the fields were freſh and gay,
The morning bluſh'd when Phebus roſe,
Juſt when approaching from the ſeas,
As Damon did a-hunting ride,
A lonely cottage he eſpy'd,
Where charming Chloe ſpinning ſat,
And turning ay her wheel about.

Her face ten thouſand beauties crown,
Her curling hair was lovely brown;
Her ſparkling eyes all hearts could win,
And ſoft, as down, her ſwan-like ſkin.
So taking her plain dreſs appears,
Her age not paſſing fifteen years,
Damon fell ſighing at her foot;
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her wheel about.

Thou faireſt of thy tender kind,
Sure this can never fill thy mind;
Such charms attending noble love
Were ne'er deſign'd for wood nor grove.
O! come to camp with me, my fair,
And ſhare my love and glory there;
And leave this ſordid rural rout,
And turn no more your wheel about.

At length, with a few modeſt ſighs,
She turn'd to him her lovely eyes;
O! tempt me not, kind Sir, ſhe cries,
Nor ſeek my virtue to ſurpriſe.
You men are not to be believ'd;
I've heard how virgins are deceiv'd:
O let me thus my life ſpin out,
And turn my harmleſs wheel about.

By that dear panting breaſt, he cries,
And by thoſe lovely killing eyes,
And by that love that conquer'd me,
I ſwear, this muſt not, ſhall not be.
O! cauſe not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the man that loves thee ſo;
But go with me, and eaſe my doubt,
And turn no more your wheel about.

His flatt'ring tongue ſo play'd its part,
He gain'd admiſſion to her heart;
And now ſhe thinks it is no ſin,
To let love's fatal poiſon in.

But she too late her fault found out,
And he too soon her charms forgot,
And left her ere the year was out,
In tears to turn her wheel about.

'TWas past twelve o'clock, in a fine summer morning,
When all the village slept pleasantly,
Cynthia's bright beams all nature adorning,
Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she.
And then my fair Flora, freight with kind wishes,
I'll fold in my arms with amorous kisses,
Which serve as preludes to more solid blisses,
Soon as the vicar has made us one. CIBBER.

HOW hard is the fate of all women-kind,
For ever subjected, for ever confin'd.
Our parents controul us until we are wives,
Our husbands inslave us the rest of our lives.
Tho' fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal;
In secret we languish, compell'd to conceal.
Deny'd ev'ry freedom of life to enjoy,
We're scorn'd if we're kind, and we're blam'd if we're coy.

THE lass that would know how to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from me,
The lass that would know, &c.
His courage to quell, or his heart to trapan,
As the time or occasions agree, *agree*,
As the time or occasions agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
May wheedle the clown or the beau,
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
By the use of that pretty word *No*,
By, &c.

When

When the powder'd toupees in crouds round her chat,
Each ſtriving his paſſion to ſhow,
With—Kiſs me, and love me, my dear,—and all that,
Let her anſwer be ſtill, *No, no, no.*

When a doze is contriv'd to lay virtue aſleep,
A preſent, a treat, or a ball,
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her empire ſhe'd keep,
And *No* be her anſwer to all.

But when Mr Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go,
A houſe, and a coach, and a jointure in land,
She's an idiot, if then ſhe ſays *No.*

Whene'er ſhe's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Whoſe courtſhip proclaims him a man,
When preſs'd to his boſom, and claſp'd in his arms,
Then let her ſay *No* if ſhe can,
Then, &c. CONCANEN.

O Say! what is that thing call'd *light*,
Which I can ne'er enjoy?
What is the bleſſing of the ſight?
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you ſee;
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright.
I feel him warm; but how can he
Ere make it day or night?

My day or night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I ſleep or play;
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.

With heavy ſighs, I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs woe;
But ſure, with patience I may bear
A loſs I ne'er can know.

Then

Then let not what I cannot have
My chear of mind deſtroy.
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind boy. C. CIBBER.

Tune, *The birks of Abergeldie.*

I Thought it once a loneſome life,
A loneſome life, a loneſome life,
I thought it once a loneſome life,
To lie ſo lang my lane, jo.
But who would not my caſe regret,
Since I am curſed with a mate?
What once I long'd for, now I hate;
I'm quite another man, jo.

When I was full out nineteen years,
Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
When I was full out nineteen years,
I held my head fu' high, jo;
Then I reſolv'd to take a laſs,
Ne'er thought on what would come to paſs,
Nor look'd in matrimony's glaſs,
Till headlong down I came, jo.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
So keen was I, ſo keen was I,
I reſted neither night nor day,
But wander'd up and down, jo.
To pleaſe her I took meikle care,
Ane would hae thought I fought nae mair
In the wide warld to my ſhare,
But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My own ſmall ſtock did ſcarce defray,
Did ſcarce defray, did ſcarce defray,
My own ſmall ſtock did ſcarce defray
Half of the marriage-charge, jo.

For

For things belonging to a houſe,
I gave till I left ne'er a ſouce.
O but I'ni turned wond'rous douſe,
And ſiller's nae ſae large, jo.

Her father, and her friends likewiſe,
Her friends likewiſe, her friends likewiſe,
Did hold her out for ſuch a prize,
I thought nae labour loſt, jo.
I dreſs'd myſelf from neck to heel,
And all was for a gilded pill;
Now I would wiſh the meikle deil
Had her, and pay the coaſt, jo.

Her father ſent a ſhip to ſea,
A ſhip to ſea, a ſhip to ſea,
When it returns, quoth he to me,
I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
The ſervants grumble, good-wife raves,
When hungry ſtomach ſore them craves,
Now I am told by the old knave,
The ſhip will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a day, what will I do,
What will I do, what will I do,
Alack-a-day, what will I do?
The honey-month is done, jo.
My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd droſs,
And ſiller ſcarcely will be braſs.
I've nothing but a bonny laſs,
And ſhe's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet ſhe lays all the blame on me,
The blame on me, the blame on me,
Says I brought her to miſery.
This is a weary life, jo.
I'd run to the wide warld's end,
If I could leave but her behind.
I'm out of hopes ſhe'll ever mend;
She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

Now,

Now, bachelors, be wife in time,
Be wife in time, be wife in time,
Tho' fhe's call'd modeft, fair, and fine,
And rich in gold and plate, jo;
Yet ye'll have caufe to curfe hard fate,
If once fhe catch you in her net;
Your blazing ftar will foon be fet;
Then look before you leap, jo.

SWeet Nelly, my heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not flight
The profer I make, for modefty's fake;
I honour your beauty bright.
For, love, I profefs, I can do no lefs,
Thou haft my favour won.
And fince I fee your modefty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Though I'm but a farmer's fon.

No; I'm a lady gay;
'Tis very well known, I may
Have men of renown, in country or town:
So, Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their loves will foon be won.
But don't you dare to fpeak me fair,
As tho' I were at my laft pray'r,
To marry a farmer's fon.

My father has riches in ftore,
Two hundred a year and more,
Befides fheep and cows, carts, harrows, and ploughs;
His age is above threefcore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won.
Both land and kine, all fhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's fon.

A fig for your cattle and corn;
Your profer'd love I ſcorn.
'Tis known very well, my name it is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.

Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done.
Farewel, adieu. I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

Be not in ſuch haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree;
For, man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt;
Come, prithee, ſit down by me;
For thou art the man, that verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
Both ſtrait and tall, genteel withal,
Therefore I ſhall be at your call,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

Dear lady, believe me now;
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleaſure in wives,
Like fellows that drive the plow;
For whate'er they gain, with labour and pain,
They don't to harlots run,
As courtiers do. I never knew,
A London beau, that could outdo
A country farmer's ſon.

Tune, *Colin's complaint.*

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, Phillis, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heav'n it would be!
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But, ah! your an angel to me.

Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go.
That arm, like a lily ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they would preſs it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
The graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown. H. CAREY.

Tune, *Up and war 'em a', Willy.*

WHen we went to the field of war,
And to the weaponſhaw, Willy,
With true deſign to ſtand our ground,
And chaſe our faes awa', Willy,
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And vow gin they were pra', Willy.
Up and war 'em a', Willy;
War 'em a', war 'em a', Willy.

And when our army was drawn up,
The braveſt e'er I ſaw, Willy,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', Willy.

Pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', Willy.
Up and war, &c.

But when our ſtandard was ſet up,
So fierce the wind did bla', Willy,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto the ground did fa' Willy.
Then ſecond-ſighted Sandy ſaid,
We'll do nae good at a', Willy.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', Willy;
Our bald commander on the green
Our faes's left did ca', Willy,
And there the greateſt ſlaughter made
That e'er poor Tonald ſaw, Willy.

Firſt when they ſaw our highland mob,
The ſwore they'd ſlay us a', Willy;
And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And ſo did rin awa', Willy.
We drave him back to Bonny Brigg,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willy.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order ſaw, Willy,
He ſtraight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, Willy.
Thus we taught them the better gate,
To get a better fa', Willy.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, Willy.
But gin ye ſpeir wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I ſaw, Willy,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willy.
So there's my canty highland ſang
About the thing I ſaw, Willy.

B. G.

Tune,

Tune, *Beſſy Bell.*

THE fair who can my fancy warm,
A ſoul informs her boſom,
Whoſe quick'ning pow'rs preſerves the form
In youth's immortal bloſſom.
Such worth can fix our heart and eye,
Each raptur'd breaſt inſpiring;
With laſting, firm, ſubſtantial joy,
We live and die admiring.

When abſent from my charmer's ſight,
Inferior nymphs careſſing,
They yield a tranſient faint delight,
Which palls in the poſſeſſing.
But in the heav'n of Mira's arms
My raviſh'd fancy traces
Exhauſtleſs pleaſures, endleſs charms,
And never-fading graces.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

WOu'd Heav'n indulge my fond deſire,
And give ſome rural calm retreat,
Where peace attunes the ſylvan lyre,
And vernal woods the ſound repeat;
Where I my artleſs reed might join,
And mix in harmony divine;

And give my Delia to my arms,
Delia, whom more than life I love;
In whom, with all their varying charms,
A Pallas and a Venus move;
The ſkilful muſic of her tongue,
Reſponding, would refine the ſong.

I'd ſcorn the glitt'ring pomp of courts,
The park, the ring, the ball, the play;

Nor mind the tales that fame reports,
But thus employ the ſmiling day;
While, knit with time in wanton dance,
Still laughing joys on joys advance.

When firſt the ſun ſalutes the ſkies,
And tips the eaſtern hills with gold,
From my dear Delia's arms I'd riſe,
And looſe the flocks from out the fold;
Too bleſs'd—this taſk when Paris knew,
Had he poſſeſs'd his Helen too.

Through verdant plains, and waving woods,
I'd wander with my fleecy care,
And on the banks of liſt'ning floods,
Repeat the praiſes of my fair;
Such praiſe as love and truth beſtow,
Where love and truth united glow.

Then, as I nam'd the perfect maid,
The winding ſtream ſhould catch the ſound,
Delia convey to every ſhade,
Through which its wat'ry path it found;
The ſporting Naiads chant the lay,
And deep beneath the ſounds convey.

The Zephyrs raviſh'd with her name,
Should waft it through the nodding grove,
And Echo, pleas'd to do the ſame,
Still farther with the accents rove;
Till ſtreams, and woods, and earth and air,
Should learn my theme, my pleaſure ſhare.

When ſhe ſhould riſe from ſoft repoſe,
And come to bleſs my raviſh'd ſight,
The day thoſe ſweets that friendſhip knows,
And love's delights ſhould crown the night.
Thus angel-joys ſhould bloom below,
And bliſs in endleſs circles flow.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry;
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry.
But fineſt colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſs a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in conſort chanting?
But if my Chriſty tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecſtaſies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother,
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn;
His Chriſty did o'erhear him:
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But ere he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left no room to doubt her.
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty!—witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing:
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!

Time was too precious now for tauk:
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs and let her gae:
But if you meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.
Be ſure you dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartſome time;
Then lads and laſſes while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kep ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to her face,
Nineteen na-ſays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs.
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe bennisons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

The CORDIAL.

Tune, *Where ſhall our goodman lie?*

He. WHere wad bonny Anne lie?
Alane na mair ye maun lie.
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're laking?

She. Can a laſs ſae young as I,
Venture on the bridal tie,
Syne down with a goodman lie?
I'm flee'd he keep me waking.

He. Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie
And ſleep till ye be weary.

She. What If I ſhould waking lie,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

He. In my boſom thou ſhalt lie:
When thou wakerife art or dry,
Healthy cordial, ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

She. To your will I then comply;
Join us, prieſt, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
Wha can a cordial give me.

GI'E

GI'E me a lafs with a lump of land,
And we for life fhall gang the gither;
Tho' daft or wife, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makfna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a fhilling;
But fhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lafs with a lump of land,
And in my bofom I'll hug my treafure.
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleafure.
Laugh on who likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle.
Unlefs they bring cafh, or a lump of land,
They'fe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And filler and gowd's a fweet complexion;
But beauty and wit, and vertue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caftles and rigs, and muirs and meadows;
And naithing can catch our modern fparks,
But well-tocher'd laffes, or jointur'd widows.

THE fhepherd Adonis being weary'd with fport,
He for a retirement to the woods did refort.
He threw by his club, and he laid himfelf down;
He envy'd no monarch, nor wifh'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn, and he ate frae the tree;
Himfelf he enjoy'd, and frae trouble was free.
He wifh'd for no nymph, tho' never fae fair;
Had nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus, in an ev'ning fae clear,
A heav'nly fweet voice founded faft in his ear,

Which

Which came frae a ſhady green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny Amynta ſat ſinging of love.

He wander'd that way, and found wha was there,
He was quite confounded to ſee her ſae fair.
He ſtood like a ſtatue, not a foot could he move,
Nor knew he what ail'd him; but he fear'd it was love.

The nymph ſhe beheld him with a kind modeſt grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her appear in his face.
With bluſhing a little, ſhe to him did ſay,
O ſhepherd! what want ye? how came you this way?

His ſpirits reviving, he to her reply'd,
I was ne'er ſae ſurpris'd at the ſight of a maid.
Until I beheld thee, from love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive, my faireſt, by thee.

When abſent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But, whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaints!

All day I wander through the groves,
And, ſighing, hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep, with balmy wings,
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies, while, like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,

With

With melting ſmiles and killing air,
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind, delighted, flies
O'er all her ſweets, with thrilling joy,
Whilſt want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire;
My pulſe beats high, my cheeks appear
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheek looks wan:
Thus, whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look or move a man.

Tune, *Maggy Lauder.*

He. CONfeſs thy love, fair bluſhing maid;
For, ſince thine eyes conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And na-ſays nae worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Makes love a ſacred bleſſing;
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

She. What you deſign by nature's law
Is fleeting inclination;

That

That Will-o-wiſp bewilds us a'
By its infatuation.
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
And love's nae mair in ſeaſon;
Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

He. The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit like April rays,
Make beauty riſe the ſweeter.
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

Tune, *The happy clown.*

'TWas in the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were freſh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet Chloe, chaſte and fair,
From peaceful ſlumber ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her mantle and her hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry mead ſhe goes,
To breathe the purer air.

Her looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her mien,
Her handſome ſhape, and dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
Dreſs'd in her beſt array.
The gentle winds and purling ſtream,
Eſſay'd to whiſper Chloe's name.
The ſavage beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on each tree,
With notes of ſweeteſt melody,
They act a chearful part.

The

The dull ſlaves, at the toilſome plow,
Their weary'd necks and knees do bow,
A glad ſubjection there they vow
To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.
The woods are glad, the meadows ſmile,
And Forth, that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down, as ſmooth as oil,
Through all its charming crooks.

The finny ſquadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazy numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.
The inſects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring.
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phebus now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern ſkies;
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He ſhrinks behind a cloud.
Her mantle on a bough ſhe lays,
And all her glory ſhe diſplays;
She left all nature in amaze,
And ſkipt into the wood.

'TWas at the fearful midnight-hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;

And

And clay cold was her lily hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the cankerworm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek:
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! (ſhe cry'd), thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave.
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refuſed to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet deft theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear, my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding-ſheet I wear;
And cold and dreary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and laſt adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man! how low ſhe lies
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her gliſt'ring head;
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word ſpake never more.

To the tune of the former.

'TWas at the ſhining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breaſt,
And the poor lad grew faint.

His

His face was like a bacon-ham
That lang in reek had hung;
And horn-hard was his tawny hand,
That held his hazel rung.

So wad the fafteſt face appear,
Of the maiſt dreſſy ſpark;
And ſuch the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept cloſe at wark.

His head was like the heath'ry buſh,
Beneath his bonnet blew;
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy briſtles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade through his rumbling kyte;
And nothing now but ſolid gear
Could give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with ſpeed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook,
With viſage ſour and wan.

Get up, (he cries), my creeſhy love,
Support my ſinking ſaul
With ſomething that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the beſt cures for grief
Are cogues fou of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

Oh Watty, Watty! (Madge replies),
I but owr juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, Watty, of that night,
When all were faſt aſleep,

How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep.

How could ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your ſight?
How could ye rooſe my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples ſlight!

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown?
Why did you me fine garters hight,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down?

O faithleſs Watty! think how aft
I ment your ſarks and hoſe;
For you how mony bannocks ſtown,
How many cogues of broſe.

But, hark! the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot,
Come ſee, ye haſh, how ſair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.

The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blythe Watty raiſe and rax'd himſel,
And ſidg'd, he was ſae fain.

He hy'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gooly, through the bag,
Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Tune,

Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

WHen gay Philander fell a prize
To Amoretta's conqu'ring eyes,
He took his pipe, he fought the plain,
Regardleſs of his growing pain,
And reſolutely bent to wreſt
The bearded arrow from his breaſt.

Come, gentle gales, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid and his bow defy'd:
But as the gales obſequious flew,
With flow'ry ſcents and ſpicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The breath of Amoret is ſweet.

His pipe again the ſhepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd.
Their ſounds in rival meaſures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove.
His thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The voice of Amoret is ſweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely view
The thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry lawn and ſhady green
To proſpect gloomy change the ſcene:
Sad change for him! for, ſighing, there
He thought of lovers in deſpair.

Convinc'd, the ſad Philander cries,
Now, cruel god, aſſert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
Theſe lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's lays are ſweet. J. MOORE.

Tune, *Come let us prepare.*

LET matters of ſtate diſquiet the great,
The cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife to ruffle his life,
And her he can ſtrap, if ſhe vex him.

He's out of the pow'r of Fortune, that whore,
Since low, as can be, ſhe has thruſt him.
From duns he's ſecure; for, being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

C. COFFE.

Tune, *Over the hills and far away.*

WEre I laid on Greenland's coaſt,
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs;
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half-year's nights would paſs.

Were I ſold on Indian ſoil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.

And I would love you all the day;
Every night would kiſs and play,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray
Over the hills and far away.

J. GAY.

HArk! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn.
To the hills and the woodlands they ſteer,
To unharbour the outlying deer.

Chorus

Chorus of huntſmen.

All the day long, this, this is our ſong,
Still hallooing, and following, ſo frolic and free.
Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the hounds;
No mortals on earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow!
While the hills they all echo—Halloo!
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our ſhouts they reſound to the ſkies.
All the day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the heath-breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel!
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
All the day long, &c.

THE ſweet roſy morn peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning the meadows and fields;
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away;
Awake from your ſlumbers, and hail the new day.
The merry, merry, &c.

The ſtag, rous'd, before us away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;
Then follow, follow, follow the muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigorous health you embrace.
Then follow, follow, &c.

The day's ſport, when over, makes blood circle right,
And gives the briſk lover freſh charms for the night.
Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our ſports crown the day.
Then let us, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Young Celia in her tender years.*

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curſt,
Of all the ſorrows that we bear,
A rival is the worſt.
By partners in another kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

Silvia, for all the griefs you ſee
Ariſing in my breaſt,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt.
Howe'er ſevere your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope;
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

WOuld fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live;
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliſs deſire.

My charming nymph, if you can find,
Amongſt the race of human-kind,
A man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, tho' I die.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
With all her beauty, all her charms,
With ſcorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories, on the glories,
On the glories of a crown.

Dear

DEar Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, That love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve.
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun-shine of love.
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Were clouded, but now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You have often regarded with wonder.
He's dropsical, she is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to cover.
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other;
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Nor sickness nor time can remove:
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,

A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

DAphnis ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind.
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats!
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains.
I faintly hear, in your ſoft notes
My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.
But why ſhould you your ſongs forbear?
Your mates delight your ſongs to hear,
But Chloe mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel a ſound my heartſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No; 'tis my Chloe's ſweeter tongue.
Hark! hark! what ſays my love?

How ſimple is the nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in womens eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.
Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride;
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd.
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,

Sudden

Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then had'ſt thou preſs'd my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek.
Think not thy ſkill in ſong deſam'd,
Thy lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek.
Much, much thy muſic I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone!
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd:
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah Chloe! thou art won.

The youth ſtept forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay.
Shame ſudden light'ned in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day.

J. GAY.

Tune, *William and Margaret.*

OF Leic'ſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liſſy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:

Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,

Her

Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life was near an end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shricking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn bodding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"Which says, I must not stay;
"I see a hand you cannot see,
"Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart and broken vows,
"In early youth I die.
"Was I to blame, because his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone;
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
"Impatient both prepare:
"But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
"That Lucy will be there.

"Then

" Then bear my corſe, my comrades, bear,
" This bridegroom blythe to meet,
" He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
" I in my winding ſheet."

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her corſe was borne
The bridegroom blythe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts!
How were theſe nuptials kept!
The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he gron'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at his grave the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true love-knots,
They deck the ſacred green.

But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet it here.

TICKLE.

GEntly touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt,
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire;
Softeſt notes will ſoothe her breaſt.
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love;
Let them all propitious prove.

On the moſſy bank ſhe lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound. A. BRADLEY.

GEntly ſtir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton to, to roaſt.
Get me quick, 'tis my deſire,
In the dripping-pan a toaſt,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dreſſer ſee it lies:
Oh the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes;
On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed.
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table ſpread the cloth,
Let the knives be ſharp and clean.
Pickles get of ev'ry ſort,
And a ſallad criſp and green.
Then, with ſmall beer and ſparkling wine,
O ye gods, how I ſhall dine!

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Lewelling,

By

By water clear, come ev'ry year
And drink at Bellaſpelling.

Though pox or itch your ſkin inrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin, ere you have been
A month at Bellaſpelling.

Though ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling roſe within them blows,
While they're at Bellaſpelling.

The ſuſty brown, juſt come from town,
Grows here as freſh as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaus,
By dint of Bellaſpelling.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair,
As Roſs or bright Dunkelling;
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Bellaſpelling.

We muſt ſubmit as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign
Our queens at Bellaſpelling.

By matchleſs charms and conqu'ring arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſp'rate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at Bellaſpelling.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns;
I know't, becauſe I fell in
The happy ſtream, where a fair dame
Did bathe at Bellaſpelling.

Fine beaus advance, equipp'd for dance,
And bring their Anne and Nell in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with Bellaſpelling.

No politics, or ſubtile tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat and drink, and never think
Like rogues, at Bellaſpelling.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,
And they are ſure to find a cure
By drinking Bellaſpelling.

Though dropſy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at Bellaſpelling.

Death throws no darts in theſe good parts;
No ſextons here are knelling.
Come judge and try, you'll never die
While you're at Bellaſpelling;

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in,
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
You die at Bellaſpelling.

Good chear, good air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, and ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Bellaſpelling.

Within this bound we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for Celia's ſake
All night at Bellaſpelling.

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make
Who live at Bellaſpelling.

My rhime is gone, I think I've done,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;

But ſince we're here to heaven ſo near,
I can't at Bellaſpelling.

WHen the bright god of day drove weſtward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
The ſwallows amain nimbly ſkim o'er the plain,
And our ſhadows like giants appear.

In a jeſſamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r,
And Zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia was ſet, with her ſong and ſpinet,
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with the ſound.

Roſy bowers ſhe ſung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
Th' induſtrious bees, from the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their ſweets to their hive.

The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along,
As ſhe touch'd on the ſtrings, he beat time with his wings,
And Echo repeated the ſong.

O ye mortals! beware how you venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound.
Your fate you can't ſhun, for your ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

He. OF all comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the ſot and married:
'Tis a trap, there's none needs doubt on't,
Thoſe that are in would fain be out on't.

She. Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take, and bind your head.
Too much drink your brain has dos'd;
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. 'Oons? 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down;
For as ſoon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone!

He. From your arms myſelf divorcing,
I this morn muſt ride a courſing;
A ſport that far excells a *Madam*,
Or all the wives have been ſince Adam.

She. I, when thus I've loſt my due,
Muſt hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilſt you top it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmleſs tea.

He. Pox, what care I! drink your ſlops till you die.
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted.
When I, when I ſend for you, my dear, pray come.

He. Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my ſpouſe and kindred.
To be ſober, I've no leiſure;
What's a man without his pleaſure?

She. To my grief then I muſt ſee,
Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be.
Whilſt you carouſe it with your blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my maids.

He. 'Zounds! you may go to your goſſips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

She. Go, ye joker, go provoker;
Never, never ſhall I meet a man like you.

Tune, *Bright Aurelia.*

With ev'ry grace young Strephon choſe
His perſon to adorn,

That,

That, by the beauties of his face,
In Sylvia's love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her ſcorn.

With bows and ſmiles he did his part;
But, oh! 'twas all in vain.
A youth leſs fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himſelf into her heart,
And would not out again.

With change of habits Strephon preſt,
And urg'd her to admire.
His love alone the other dreſt,
As verſe or proſe became it beſt,
And mov'd her ſoft deſire.

This found, his courtſhip Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his glaſs.
Therein himſelf now ſeeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a wit pretends,
A beau is but an aſs.

WHen I was a young lad, my fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.
I ſpent all my means on whores, bawds, and queans;
Then I got a commiſſion to plunder.
The hat I have on ſo greaſy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its ſhining.
'Tis ſtitch'd all about, without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.

The coat I have on, ſo thread-bare is grown,
So out at the armpits and elbows,
That I look as abſurd as a ſailor on board,
That has lain fifteen months in the bilbos.
My ſhirt it is tore, both behind and before;
The colour is much like a cinder.
'Tis ſo thin and ſo fine, that it is my deſign
To preſent it the muſes for tinder.

My

My blue fuſtian breeches is wore to the ſtitches;
My legs you may ſee what's between them.
My pockets all four, I'm the ſun of a whore
If there's ever one farthing within them.
I have ſtockings, 'tis true, but the devil a ſhoe;
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather.
Be damn'd the boot-ſole, curſe on the ſpur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.

Had ye but ſeen the ſad plight I was in,
Ye'd not ſeen ſuch a poet amongſt twenty.
I've nothing that's full, but my ſhirt and my ſcull,
For my pockets and belly are empty.
Fall all de rall, &c.

Tune, *Buſh aboon Traquair.*

AT ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows your mine, by love is your's
A heart that cannot wander.

Tune,

Tune, *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I Have a green purſe, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land, and planting on't;
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on't:
To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me, and comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſaunt'ring on't.

My Chriſty ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e deſpair:
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt and deareſt, delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces by heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſports and bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting, ſweet.

For thee, bonny Chriſty, my ſhepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine.
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, and chear me, with ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me no cauſe to lament;
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, Content,
I'm pleas'd wi' my Jamie, and he ſhall be mine.

The FAIR THIEF.

BEfore the urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And, more that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn,
Stole all the ſweetneſs æther ſheds
On primroſe buds and vi'let beds.
I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That Chloe is an arrant thief.

Still

Still to conceal her artful wiles,
She ſtole the graces ſilken ſmiles;
She ſtole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth;
The cherry dipt in morning-dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips and hue.
I tell, with equal truth, &c.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils, a ſtore,
Yet ſhe in time ſtill pilfer'd more.
At twelve ſhe ſtole from Cyprus' Queen,
Her air, and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and ſtole
From Pallas, ſenſe, to charm the ſoul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And next the beam that lights the day;
She ſung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And, to aſſert their voice, appear'd;
She play'd, the muſes from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their ſkill.

Great love approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart.
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert your vengeance on this fair,
To trial bring her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.
I tell, with equal truth, &c.

COme all you young lovers who wan with deſpair,
Compoſe idle ſonnets, and ſigh for the fair;
Who puff up their pride by inhancing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms;
Be wiſe by example, take pattern from me;
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
For let what will happen, &c.

When

When I in the net by young Daphne was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as cuſtom had taught;
I preſs'd her to bliſs, which ſhe granted full ſoon.
But the date of my paſſion expir'd with the moon.
She ſaid ſhe was ruin'd; I ſaid it might be,
I'm ſorry, my dear; but by Jove, *&c.*

The next was young Phillis as bright as the morn;
The love that I profer'd ſhe treated with ſcorn;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none can be handſome but ſuch as are kind.
Her pride and ill-nature were loſt upon me;
For, in ſpite of fair faces, by Jove, *&c.*

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noiſe.
Some chuſe to be hamper'd, it is a ſtrange rage,
And like birds they ſing beſt when confin'd in a cage:
Confinement's the devil; 'twas ne'er made for me:
Let who will be bound ſlaves, by Jove, *&c.*

Then let each briſk bumper run over the glaſs,
In a toaſt to the young and the beautiful laſs,
Who yielding and eaſy preſcribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover ſhould cool;
Let us bill like the ſparrow, and rove like the bee;
For in ſpite of grave leſſons, by Jove I'll be free.

The ANSWER.

HOW dare you, bold Strephon, preſume thus to prate,
And laſh the fair ſex at this monſtruous rate,
To boaſt of your freedom, ſince not long ago
That you was a ſlave to fair Chloe you know?
When the next arrow comes, I wiſh't be from me,
Then I'd give you that anſwer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

You ſay, that young Daphne you brought to diſgrace;
I thank my kind ſtars, that is none of my caſe:
I'll take ſpecial care, Sir, of yielding too ſoon,
Nor will I deſpair at the change of the moon;

It

It ne'er was in your power yet to ruin me,
So I tell you with courage, *By Jove I'll be free.*

The next was young Phillis, whom beauties adorn;
She ſerv'd you but right, Sir, to treat you with ſcorn.
When the fox could not get the ſweet grapes in his pow'r,
He gave them a curſe, and he ſaid they were ſour.
So thoſe nymphs that are wiſe, Sir, and won't ruin'd be,
With ſpleen you deſpair of, yet cry, *I'll be free.*

Although you make ſport, Sir, of the marriage-ſtate,
Remember, proud Strephon, it may be your fate;
In the height of your fever, your pains to aſſwage,
When there's no other way, you'll be glad of a cage.
When mirth, wine, and muſic no cordials can be,
May the fair one then anſwer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

I wiſh that all women would follow my rule;
Then ſoon, haughty Strephon, you'd look like a fool.
When Cupid has ſhot with a well-pointed dart,
And made an impreſſion upon your vain heart,
When trembling and pale, you approach the fair ſhe,
May ſhe anſwer you coldly, *By Jove I'll be free.*

But give me the man that can love without feint,
(For natural beauty is far before paint),
Who thinks it a bleſſing to ſettle for life,
And knows how to value a virtuous wife;
With patience I'll wait till I find the kind he,
And then I'll no longer deſire to be free.

THE blytheſt bird that ſings in May,
Was ne'er more blythe, was ne'er more gay
Than I, ah well-a-day, than I, ah well-a-day.
Ere Colin yet had learn'd to ſigh,
Or I to gueſs the reaſon why,
Oh love, ah well-a-day, oh love, ah well-a-day.

We kiſs'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
From whence theſe fond endearments grew, *Till he,* &c.

By

By time and other ſwains made wiſe,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes, *And love,* &c.

Kind nature now took Colin's part,
My eyes inform'd againſt my heart, *My heart,* &c.
Straight glow'd with thrilling ſympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle ſigh, *Each ſigh,* &c.

Can love, alas! by words be ſhown?
He aſk'd a proof, a tender one, *While I,* &c.
In ſilence bluſh'd a fond reply,
Can ſhe, who truly loves, deny? *Ah no,* &c.

Tune, *Mary Scot.*

'TWas ſummer, and the day was fair,
Reſolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting ſorrow,
I wander d o'er the braes of Yarrow.
Till then deſpiſing beauty's pow'r,
I kept my heart, my own ſecure;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now inſlave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive!
No ranſom take for Mary's ſlave?
Her frowns of reſt and hope deprive me;
Her lovely ſmiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since firſt I ſaw this charming fair;
This beauteous flower, this roſe of Yarrow,
In Nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one requeſt,
I'd aſk to lie on Mary's breaſt:
There would I live or die with pleaſure,
Nor ſpare this world one moment's leiſure;
Deſpiſing kings, and all that's great,
I'd ſmile at courts, and courtiers fate;

My joy compleat on ſuch a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on Yarrow.

But though ſuch bliſs I ne'er ſhould gain,
Contented ſtill I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For, leaving life, I'll always love her.
What doubts diſtract a lover's mind?
That breaſt, all ſoftneſs, muſt prove kind;
And ſhe ſhall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous roſe of Yarrow.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern cloud was edg'd with gold;
The ſky was clear, the winds were ſtill,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold:
When, in the ſilence of a grove,
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love.
When, in the ſilence of a grove, &c.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the hard rock, or oozy beach;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape, or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in women-kind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain;
Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and ſold?
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth;
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold.

Gold

Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove—
Thus I am ſcorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what riches can ſuffice?
Yet India's ſhore could never boaſt
The living luſtre of her eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove:
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Oh, Sylvia, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt as fair, and value more
Than gems and ore a heart ſincere.
Let treaſure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love. J. GAY.

Tune, *Grim King of the Ghoſts.*

DEſpairing beſide a clear ſtream
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And, while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was;
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the muſes my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around:
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

All you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Though through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhed me with cypreſs and yew;
And, when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own, that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolick it all the long day:

While

While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen;
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green. N. Rowe.

The ANSWER.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
In dittays ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns,
He's wretched to ſhow he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful, and alter his face;
Can tremble, and breathe out his tale;
Ah! Colin has every pace.
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt where he once begg'd to lie;
And the ſtreams, that he ſwells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond boſom would bear,
And my heart would ſoon beat him to reſt:
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair;
But Colin is only in jeſt.
No death the deceiver deſigns.
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

Can ſhepherds bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
Ah! Colin makes paſſion his ſport;
Beware of ſo fatal a game.

My voice of no muſic can boaſt,
Nor my perſon of ought that is fine;
But Colin may find, to his coſt,
A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my ſheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now ſit and weep.
Then mourn the ſad fate that you gave,
In ſonnets ſo ſmooth and divine:
Perhaps I may riſe from my grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft muſic as thine.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The hearts-eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Let thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd with the rivulet's brink:
How oft, my dear ſwain, did I ſwear?
How much my fond ſoul did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid.
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
That thy arms were a palace to me?
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Though adorn'd with nothing but thee?

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Though never ſo fine and ſo gay!
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breaſt and a bed of new hay.
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love;
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

The SCULLION.

BY the ſide of a great kitchen-fire,
A ſcullion ſo hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his deſire;
A kettle ſupported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the houſe,
To his ſigh with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter, that car'd not a louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was ſet in a diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it doth water and wiſh,
I think it had better been fry'd;
The butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
O! might I but eat it, he ſaid,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

How fooliſh was I to believe
It was made for ſo homely a clown,
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town?
Could I think that a pudding ſo fine
Would ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

What though at the fire I have wrought,
Where puddings we boil and we fry;
Though part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by:
Ah, Colin thou muſt not be firſt,
Thy knife and thy trencher reſign;
There's Marg'ret will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her turn is ſooner than mine.

All you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,

Whatever

Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail:
Though I ſhould through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go,
'Tis its fate to be eaten above,
'Tis mine ſtill to want it below.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In your breaſts any pity be found,
Ye ſervants that earlieſt dine,
Come ſee how I lie on the ground,
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,
Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim:
Whilſt Colin, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.

Tune, *Tweed ſide.*

REſtrain'd from the ſight of my dear,
No object with pleaſure I ſee;
Though thouſands around me appear,
The world's but a deſart to me.
Ev'ry morning her charms to ſurvey,
Sol's abſence I'd gladly excuſe;
'Tis her eyes that reſtore me the day,
'Tis night when their luſtre I loſe.

In vain are the verdures of ſpring,
The fields dreſs'd ſo bloomingly gay,

The

The birds that delightfully ſing,
Delight not when Celia's away.
O! give the dear nymph to my arms,
And the ſeaſons unheeded may roll;
Her preſence like midſummer warms,
Her abſence outfreezes the pole.

Reclin'd by ſoft murmuring ſtreams,
I, weeping, diſburthen my care;
I tell to the rocks my fond themes,
Whoſe echoes but ſoothe my deſpair
Ye ſtreams, that ſoft murmuring flow,
Convey to my love every tear;
Ye rocks, that reſound with my woe,
Repeat my complaints in her ear.

O tell her, I languiſhing lie,
In the midſt of life's vigorous bloom;
That 'tis only herſelf can ſupply
The cure that retrieves from the tomb:
And if the dear charmer ſhall deign
To equal my amorous fire,
That moment will eaſe all my pain,
New life and new pleaſure inſpire.

YE gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
For greater bliſs deſign her,
T'obey your will, at any time,
I'm ready to reſign her.

CH. COFFEE.

Tune,

Tune, *I wish my love were in a mire.*

BElinda, see, from yonder flowers,
The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impaired in show or smell?

So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew;
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

Tune, *Nannyo.*

DID ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nanny do!
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My eyes are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never shed a tear for me.
My eyes are swell'd with tears, &c.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her, but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her!

If

If Nanny ever loſt a ſheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
Did not her lambs in ſafety ſleep
Within my folds in froſt and ſnow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny ſtill is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard-trees,
The ripeſt fruit was kept for Nan;
Oh how thoſe hands, that drown'd her bees,
Were ſtung! I'll ne'er forget the pain.
Sweet were the combs as ſweet could be,
But Nanny ne'er look'd ſweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill.
My back did bear her ſacks, but ſhe
Would never bear the ſight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave;
I'm ſure they always had the beſt.
Within this week her pigeons have
Ate up a peck of peaſe at leaſt.
Her little pigeons kiſs, but ſhe
Would never take a kiſs from me.

Muſt Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny ſtill on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what ſhall I do,
If Nanny does not love me ſoon?
If no relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-ſtring.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall.
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at night he could purchaſe a jug of brown nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too, moſt (ſweet,
Saying, Juſt to a hair I have made both ends meet.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau;
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thorough the heart.
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble part.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay:
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright, when ſhe roſe ev'ry day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way.

He ſung her love-ſongs, as he ſat at his work;
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd:
He pierc'd through his body, inſtead of the ſole;
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

And now, in good-will, I adviſe, as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love; for we find, by what's paſt,
That love brings us all to an end at the laſt.

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land.*

TO you fair ladies, now in town,
We countrymen do write;
And do invite you to come down,
To taſte of our delight.
The weather's fine, the fields are gay,
And 'tis the pleaſant month of May.
Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

The

The country's now in all its pride,
  New-dreſt in lovely green;
The earth, with various colours dy'd,
  Diſplays a lovely ſcene.
A thouſand pretty flow'rs appear,
To deck your boſoms and your hair.

The cuckows pick up all the dirt;
  The trees are all in bloom;
If rural muſic can divert,
  Each buſh affords a tune:
The turtle's heard in every grove,
And milk-maids ſing their ſongs of love.

Could we perſuade you to come down,
  Our joys would be compleat.
Dear ladies, leave the noiſy town,
  And to our ſhades retreat.
Would you but in our ſhades appear,
You'd make our fields elyſium here.

We'll ſhew you all your cowſlip-meads,
  And pleaſant woods and ſprings;
And lead you to the tuneful ſhades,
  Where Philomela ſings;
Sweet Philomel, whoſe warbling throat
Excels your Seneſino's note.

For you we deck and trim our bowers,
  And make our gardens fine;
For you preſerve our choiceſt flowers,
  That now are in their prime.
The murm'ring brooks accuſe your ſtay,
And Zephyrs ſigh for your delay.

Come then, and take your morning-air,
  Juſt roſe from flow'ry beds;
'Tis better than your ſnuff by far,
  And all perfumes exceeds.
Our ev'ning-walks more pleaſures bring
Than the gay park, and crouded ring.

For your own ſakes, if not for ours,
The duſty town forego;
Freſh air will give your eyes new pow'rs,
And make each beauty glow;
'Twill to the lily add the roſe,
And every brighter charm diſcloſe.

IN good King CHARLES's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal JAMES obtain'd the throne,
And Pop'ry came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration.
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution;
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the revolution.

When WILLIAM was our King declar'd,
To eaſe the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance;
Paſſive obedience was a joke,
And ſo was non-reſiſtance.

When

When gracious ANNE became our Queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a Tory.
Occaſional conformiſts baſe
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By ſuch prevarication.

When GEORGE in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir;
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And then became a Whig, Sir:
And ſo preferment I procur'd,
By our own faith's defender;
And always every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.

Th'illuſtrious houſe of HANOVER,
And Proteſtant ſucceſſion,
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep poſſeſſion:
For, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful King ſhall be,
Until the times ſhall alter.
And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Tune, *Laſt time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheſt lads, and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes:
As I ae morning ſleeping lay
Upon a bank of roſes,

Young Jamie, whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

Jamie though I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But, with a frown, my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him.
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
An angry paſſion feigning,
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I, in truth, for a' my ſins
Ne'er haf ſae ſair repented. Z. O.

Tune, *Greenwood tree.*

OF all the things beneath the ſun,
To love's the greateſt curſe:
If one's deny'd, then he's undone;
If not, 'tis ten times worſe.
Poor Adam, by his wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome years ago;
But Adam was not trick'd alone,
For all his ſons are ſo.

Lovers the ſtrangeſt fools are made,
When they their nymphs purſue;
Which they will ne'er believe till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.

They

They beg, they pray, and they adore,
Till wearied out of life;
And pray, what's all this trouble for?
Why truly for a wife.

How odd a thing's a whining sot,
Who sighs in greatest need,
For that, which soon as ever got,
Does make him sigh indeed!
Each maid's an angel whilst she's woo'd;
But when the wooing's done,
The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
Proves nothing but a bone.

Ills more or less, in human life,
No mortal man can shun;
But when a man has got a wife,
He has them all in one.
The liver of Prometheus
A gnawing vulture fed;
A fable, that the thing was thus,
The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
Was Tantalus's curse;
The apples which did tempt him so,
Were nought but a divorce.
Let no fool dream, that to his share
A better wife will fall;
They're all the same, faith, to a hair,
For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty nokes
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the stocks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a lover we may say,
He wears no cheating phiz;
Though other looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More joys a glaſs of wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainſays),
Than all the wenches ſprung from Eve
E'er gave in all their days.
But come, to lovers here's a glaſs;
God wot they need no curſe:
Each wiſhes he may wed his laſs,
No ſoul can wiſh him worſe.

Tune, *John Anderſon my jo.*

WE all to conqu'ring beauty bow,
Its pleaſing powers admire;
But I ne'er ſaw that face till now,
That like your's could inſpire.
Now I may ſay, I've met with one
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the ſun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving ſighs,
When longing lovers meet;
Like the divining prophets wife,
And like blown roſes ſweet;
Majeſtic, gay, reſerv'd, yet free,
Each happy night a bride;
A mien like awful majeſty,
And yet no ſpark of pride.

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
Chaſte, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long.
If beauty would reward ſuch care,
And life ſo long could ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would ſeem but as one day.

HOW

HOW happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be leſs?
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.
What though he all duſty and whit'n'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far,
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.
Than a courtier, &c.

Though his hands are ſo daub'd, they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
What if then a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other mens ſacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate;
In this too he mimicks the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary, contented does lie,
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing.
If ſo happy a miller: who would be a king?

Tune, *Pinkie-houſe.*

MY days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.
Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a ſigh to them?

But

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.
An eager hope within my breaſt
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy ſtands confeſt
The fav'rite of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of love;
With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young unpractic'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.
'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

PARNELL.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her ſay,
Tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! the cauſe of my mourning.
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him ſo.
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow,
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when Strephon came by;
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh:
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning.
Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, uſe your art.
They, ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid, down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning. X.

Tune, *My apron deary.*

AH Chloe! thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt;
I fly to the grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my charmer, and long to return.
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay;
But they ſmile all in vain—my Chloe's away.
The fields and the groves can afford me no eaſe;
But bring me my Chloe, a deſart will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee that my boſom alarms;
I'm cold to the faireſt, though glowing with charms;
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye;
Theſe are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
Theſe looks where bright love, like the ſun, ſits in-(thron'd,
And ſmiling diffuſes his influence round;
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
Gaz'd at thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair-one was ſtill in my ſight,
It was pleaſure all day, it was rapture all night.
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to deſpair.
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;

O!

O! would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſt.

Tune, *Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

IN April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go (grow.
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a ſound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air;
But Suſie is handſome, and ſweetly can ſing,
Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But Suſie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſh'd, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his miſtreſs ſhould be.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence could eaſe me.
When naething can pleaſe me.
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, you dinna appear.

That

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing, (and play.

Tune, *John Anderſon my jo.*

WHat means this niceneſs now of late,
Since time that truth does prove?
Such diſtance may conſiſt with ſtate,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or diſdain
That does ſuch ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha'f that art:
For if you chance a look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

O, Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny laſſes.
They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes.

Fair

Fair Beſſy Bell I lo'ed yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
Soon gar'd my fancy falter.

Now Beſſy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a May morning,
Whan Phebus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning.
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances.
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

By K. James V.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
Will ye lodge a ſilly poor man?

The

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he fat;
My daughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

Oh! wow! quo' he, were I as free
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain:
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa together were ſay'n,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ahn ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, ann I were as white
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot:
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Upon the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure pat on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Wal-a-day,
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts;
But nought was ſtown that could be miſt:
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and wake my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gade where the daughter lay;
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away;
And faſt to her goodwife, did ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O ſy gar ride, and ſy gar rin,
And haſte ye, find theſe traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a fit;
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She cou'd nae gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe bann'd.

Mean time, far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith.
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' ſhe, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her mou,
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes?
To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;
Wounded I sigh for thee:
While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a height by Hymen's ties
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,
When such a sov'reign cure is by?
No; she can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be:
Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes;
With those dear agents I'll advise;
They tell the truth when tongues tellies,
The least believ'd by me.

MY fair, ye swains, is gone astray,
The little wand'rer lost her way.
In gathering flowers t'other day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.

Ah! lead her home, ye gentle ſwains,
Who know an abſent lover's pains,
And bring me ſafely o'er the plains,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind;
And if you'll be ſo juſt and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find *My Phillis*, &c.
Whene'er a charming form you ſee,
Serenely grave, ſedately free,
And mildly gay, it muſt be ſhe; *'Tis Phillis*, &c.

Not wholly bare, nor half undreſt,
But under covert lightly preſt,
In ſecret plays the little breaſt *Of Phillis*, &c.
When ſuch a heav'nly voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
Ah! ſeize her, and bring home my dear; *'Tis Phillis.*

The nymph whoſe perſon void of art,
Has ev'ry grace in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmleſs heart, *Is Phillis.*
Whoſe teeth are like an ivory row,
Whoſe ſkin is like the cleareſt ſnow,
Whoſe face like nothing that I know, *Is Phillis.*

But reſt, my ſoul, and bleſs your fate;
The gods, who form'd a piece ſo neat,
So juſt, exact, and ſo compleat, *As Phillis*,
Proud of their art in ſuch a flower,
Which ſo exemplifies their power,
Will guard in ev'ry dang'rous hour *My Phillis.*

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
You, like me, may cares defy;

All

All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Aſk me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms and drunken joys;
I have pleaſures more divine;
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than fools can know,
More than fortune can beſtow,
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Aſk me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows, and faithleſs hearts;
Tell the wretch who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can beſtow;
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
Woman woman, woman brings.

The ANSWER.

ASK, thou filly dotard man,
Whence our ruin firſt began;
How our grief and deadly wo
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,
Could we ſhun this enemy;
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Aſk what calm felicity
Man injoy'd; how bleſs'd was he,
Nought could his repoſe invade,
Till falſe woman ſhe was made.

Soon as ſhe received her breath,
Man was ſubject unto death.

Other evils to their ſhame,
From deceitful woman came.

Aſk what ills befell old Troy,
Which falſe Helen did deſtroy;
Of the tender bridegrooms too,
Which falſe women, women ſlew.

How the brave Mark Anthony
Loſt the world by faithleſs ſhe.
Ruin'd ſtates, loſt crowns and kings,
From vain woman, woman ſprings.

WHat joys the happy pair await,
In Hymen's roſy fetters bound,
When, in the ſoft connubial ſtate,
The lover in the huſband's found!

'Tis female ſweetneſs gives us joy,
Through ev'ry vary'd ſcene of life;
And marriage-raptures never cloy,
Indulgent from a virtuous wife.

DUETTO.

Thus ever renewing embraces,
A circle of pleaſures we'll prove;
No time thoſe endearments efface
Which are founded on virtue and love.

Tune, *Stella darling of the muſes.*

WHilſt I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I ſue:
Gentle Cupid, pray diſarm her;
Cupid, if you love me, do.
Of a thouſand ſweets bereave her;
Rob her neck, her lips, and eyes;
The remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape

Shape and feature, flame and paſſion,
Still in ev'ry breaſt will move;
More is ſupererogation,
Mere idolatry of love.
You may dreſs a world of Chloes
In the beauties ſhe can ſpare.
Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry Cupid made reply:
Do Florella's charms diſpleaſe ye?
Die then, fooliſh mortal, die.
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating ſtore;
Shepherd, no; I'll rather give her
Twenty thouſand beauties more.

Were Florella proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a lover's care;
Juſtly then you'd pray that pow'r
Should be taken from the fair.
But though I ſpread a blemiſh o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find;
Still, fond ſhepherd you'll adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

ALexis ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains;
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow);
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs wo.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came;
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek.

He

He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

Clorinda came amongſt the reſt,
And ſhe, too, kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his wo:
She aſk'd; but with an air and mien,
As made it eaſily be ſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand daggers dart,
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart;
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd.
But you ſhall promiſe, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd. PRIOR.

PRithee, Billy, be'n't ſo ſilly,
Thus to waſte thy days in grief:
You ſay, Betty will not let ye;
But can ſorrow bring relief?

Leave

Leave repining, ceaſe your whining;
Pox on torment, tears, and wo.
If ſhe's tender, ſhe'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough, —e'en let her go. H. CAREY.

A LOVE-SONG in the modern taſte.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
While a ſlave in thy dominions,
Nature muſt give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking numbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, King of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows.
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, ſmooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate;
See the birds of Juno stooping:
Melody resigns to fate. D. SWIFT.

WHen Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain;
Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their wo, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest'd isle! with beauty matchless crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, &c. JA. THOMSON.

Custom

CUſtom prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the great,
Makes oaths eaſy potions to ſleep on;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er deſigning to keep one.
For an oath's ſeldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good names;
A lawyer to truth, or a ſtateſman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

DEar Colin, prevent my warm bluſhes,
For how can I ſpeak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wiſhes:
Why can't you the meaning explain?
My paſſion would loſe by expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then pray don't expect a confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of ſpeaking,
How can you expect it from me?
Our wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be.
Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
Did your heart feel ſuch tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my boſom confine.

The REPLY.

To the forgoing tune.

GOod Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man muſt needs look like a fool;
For me I would not give a ſhilling,
For one that can love without rule.
At leaſt you ſhould wait for our offers,
Not ſnatch like old maids in deſpair;
Had you liv'd to theſe years without proffers,
Your ſighs were all ſpent in the air.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs by your bluſhing,
And not tell the matter ſo plain;
'Tis ours to be writing and puſhing,
And yours to affect a diſdain.
But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I ſee;
The fruit that can fall without ſhaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

Tune, *Down the burn, Davie.*

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
I can behold with love?
To ſhun your ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind;
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentler uſage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part?
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.
So reſtleſs exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity every where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

GOD proſper long our noble King,
Our lives and ſafeties all.
A woful hunting once there did
In chevy-chace befal.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Piercy took his way.
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummer days to take;

The choiceſt harts of Chevy-chace
To kill and bear way.
Theſe tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who ſent Earl Piercy preſent word,
He would prevent the ſport.
The Engliſh Earl, not fearing him,
Did to the woods reſort,

With twenty hundred bowmen bold,
All choſen men of might;
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The gallant grayhounds ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the fallow-deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And long, before high noon, they had
An hundred fat bucks ſlain:
Then, having din'd, the rovers went
To rouſe them up again.

The bowmen muſter'd on the hill,
Well able to endure;
Their back-ſides all, with ſpecial care,
That day were guarded ſure.

The hounds ran ſwiftly through the wood,
The nimble deer to take;
And, with their cries, the hills and dales
An echo ſhrill did make.

Earl Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the fallow-deer;

Quoth

Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay.

Lo, yonder doth Lord Douglas come!
His men in armour bright,
Full fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
All marching in our ſight;

All pleaſant men of Teviotdale,
Dwell by the river Tweed.
Then ceaſe your ſport Earl Piercy ſaid,
And take your bows with ſpeed;

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage to advance;
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horſeback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter, man for man,
With him to break a ſpear.

Lord Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

Show me, ſaid he, whoſe men you be
That hunt ſo boldly here;
That, without my conſent, do chaſe
And kill my fallow-deer.

The firſt man that did anſwer make,
Was Noble Piercy he,
Who ſaid, We liſt not to declare
Nor ſhow whoſe men we be;

Yet

Yet we will ſpend our deareſt blood,
The choiceſt harts to ſlay.
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemn oath,
And thus in rage did ſay.

Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two ſhall die.
I know thee well, an Earl thou art;
Lord Piercy, ſo am I.

But truſt me Piercy, pity 'twere,
And great offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men;
For they have done no ill.

Let me and thee the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurs'd be he, ſaid Earl Piercy,
By whom this is deny'd.

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Withrington by name:
Who ſaid, he would not have it told
To Henry his King, for ſhame,

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on.
You be two Earls, ſaid Withrington,
And I a ſquire alone;

I'll do the beſt that I may do,
While I have power to ſtand;
While I have power to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Scottiſh archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true:
At the firſt flight of arrows bent,
They fourſcore Engliſh ſlew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent:

A Captain mov'd with meikle pride,
The ſpears in ſhivers went.

They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

O! but it was a grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
All ſcatter'd here and there!

At laſt thir two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like chiftains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no Lord,
They made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temper'd ſteel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trinkling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
By James our Scottiſh King.

Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous knight
That ever I did ſee.

No, Douglas, quoth Lord Piercy then,
Thy proffer I do ſcorn,
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Lord Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
  Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
  Lord Piercy ſees me fall.

Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took
  The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Lord Douglas, for thy life,
  Would I had loſt my land.

O, but my very heart doth bleed
  With ſorrow for thy ſake!
For, ſure, a more renowned knight
  Miſchance did never take.

A Knight among the Scots there was
  Which ſaw Earl Douglas die,
Who ſtraight in wrath did vow revenge
  Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgom'ry he was call'd,
  Who, with a ſpear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
  Ran fiercely through the fight.

He paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
  Without or dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
  He thruſt his hateful ſpear.

With ſuch a veh'ment force and might
  His body he did gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide
  A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
  Whoſe courage none could ſtain.
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
  His Noble Lord was ſlain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
  Made of a truſty tree,

An arrow of a cloth-yard's length
Unto the head drew he:

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgom'ry then
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The gray gooſewings that were therein,
In his heart's blood were wet.

The fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun:
For when they rung the ev'ning bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.

With the Lord Piercy, there was ſlain,
Sir John of Oggerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron;

Sir George, and alſo good Sir Hugh,
Both Knights of good account:
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.

For Withrington I needs muſt wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
He fought ſtill on the ſtumps.

And, with Earl Douglas, there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like ways
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears
Went home but fifty-three.

Of

Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen,
Scarce fifty five did flee.
The reſt were ſlain at Chevy-chace,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their huſbands to bewail.
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all could not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They carry'd them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were cold as clay.

The news were brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I truſt I have, in my realm,
Five hundred good as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was ſlain at Chevy-chace.

O heavy news! King Henry ſaid;
England can witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Now, of the reſt, of ſmall account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ends the hunt of Chevy-chace,
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God

God save the King, and bless the land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debates
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Imitated by the Duke of WHARTON.

GOD prosper long from being broke
The Luck* of Edenhall.
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
That lately did befal.

To chase the spleen with cup and cann,
Duke Philip took his way.
Babes yet unborn shall never see
Such drinking as that day.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave too of Martindale,
A true and worthy Knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six a hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now, when these merry tidings reach'd
The Earl of Harold's ears;
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus slighted by my peers?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;

And,

* A pint-bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.

And, Master Sheriff, come you too,
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come,
(Did one at table say).
'Tis well, reply'd the mettle Duke;
How will he get away?

When thus the Earl began: Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me; sure this
You did not learn in France.

One of us two for this offence
Under the board shall lie.
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere,
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, Duke Wharton said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay spewing on the ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd
He had the Earl secure,
He ply'd him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor:

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton sees me drunk.

Then,

Then, with a groan, Duke Philip held
The ſick man by the joint,
And ſaid, Earl Harold, 'ſtead of thee,
Would I had drank this pint.

Alack! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me ſink;
For ſurely a more ſober Earl
Did never ſwallow drink.

With that the Sheriff, in a rage,
To ſee the Earl ſo ſmit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then ſtept a gallant 'Squire forth,
Of viſage thin and pale;
Lloyd was his name, and of Ganghall,
Faſt by the river Twale.

Who ſaid, he would not have it told
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he ſhould ſit by:
So Sheriff, I'm your man.
Now, when theſe tidings reach'd the room
Where the Duke lay in bed,
How that his 'Squire ſuddenly
Upon the floor was laid:

O heavy tidings! (quoth the Duke);
Cumberland witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to Earl Thanet came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
How that the under-Sheriff too,
Was fallen from his place:

Now God be with him, (ſaid the Earl),
Sith it 'twill no better be;

I truſt I have within my town
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he ſcorn'd to yield;
But with a bumper in his hand
He ſtagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the ſlain
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His ſenſes to regain.

God bleſs the King, the Dutcheſs fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenneſs henceforth
'Mongſt noblemen may ceaſe.

And likewiſe bleſs our Royal Prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

AT the brow of a hill a fair ſhepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the pangs of ambition or love ne'er had felt:
A few ſober maxims ſtill run in her head;
That 'twas better to earn ere ſhe ate her own bread;
That to riſe with the lark was conducive to health,
And, for folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Would oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,
And would lean on his pitch-fork to tell her his tale.
With his winning behaviour he ſo gain'd on her heart;
Being artleſs herſelf, ſhe ſuſpected no art.

He flatter'd, proteſted, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And would lie with the grandeur and air of a Lord.

Her

Her eyes he commended in language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the torment he felt in his breaſt,
With ſighs, and with tears, he ſo ſoften'd her mind,
That in downright compaſſion, to love ſhe inclin'd.

No ſooner he'd melted the ice in her breaſt,
Than the heat of his paſſion that moment decreaſt.
And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
And boaſts of his conqueſt to Suſan and Nell.
Though he ſees her but ſeldom, he's always in haſte;
And whene'er he ſpeaks of her, he makes her his jeſt.

Take heed, pretty virgins of Britain's fair iſle,
How you venture your hearts for a look or a ſmile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a falſe Roger in every vale;
Who, to court you and tempt you, will try all his ſkill.
But remember the laſs at the brow of the hill.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

WHere-ever, Damon, thou ſhalt rove,
O keep me ever in your mind;
If walking through ſome ſhady grove,
Or on a ſunny bank reclin'd,
Still let my faithful image be
Among the ſhades retir'd with thee.
Still let my faithful image be, &c.

Think when, beneath the ſpreading trees,
You liſten to the whiſp'ring breeze,
How with ſoft ſighs my boſom heaves,
When I lament my ruin'd peace;
Calm are my tears, as ſilent ſhow'rs,
Or dews that hang on painted flow'rs.

Or if you wander where ſome brook
Does o'er the pebbles murm'ring flow,
As on the flowing ſtream you look,
Think how I weep, oppreſs'd with wo;

And

And ſhould the current want ſupplies,
I could recruit it from my eyes.

While, perch'd upon the pointed thorn,
The nightingale renews her ſtrain,
Let it remind you how forlorn,
When you are abſent, I complain;
Or ſhould you hear the widow'd dove,
Think I, like her, lament my love.

When you behold the ſetting ray
Tremble beneath the weſtern ſky,
The ſolemn gloom of cloſing day
May repreſent me to your eye;
For languid as departing light
Am I when abſent from your ſight.

Tune, *The banks of Forth.*

SAY, Chloe, by what powerful art
A glowing flame you do impart,
Through every breaſt, when 'tis well known
Snow is no colder than your own.

It gives th' admiring world ſurpriſe,
To find that love, which from thoſe eyes
Wounds thouſands with unerring dart,
Should prove a ſtranger to thy heart.

Through various climates I have rov'd,
And various beauties ſeen unmov'd;
My heart reſerv'd for thee alone,
I ſaw, I lov'd, and was undone.

But yet ſo pleaſant was the pain,
With pride I hugg'd the fatal chain;
Nor would I, though I could be free,
But live a captive ſtill to thee.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair;
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks o' barley-meal;
And there will be good sawt herring,
To relish a cogue of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mow;
And there will be Tam the bluter,
With Andrew the tinker, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
With thumbless Katie's good man;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
And Laurie the laird o' the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins i' the how o' the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibbie
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,
And coft him gray breeks to his arse,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warse;
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
Wha ga'd to the south for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.

And there will be Juden Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,

Wi'

Wi' flae-lugged fharny-fac'd Lawrie,
And fhangy-mow'd haluckit meg :
And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Maddie, and fat-hippit Grify,
The lafs wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
Wi' his glakit wife Jenny Bell,
And mifle-fhinn'd Mungo Mackapie,
The lad that was fkipper himfel.
There lads and laffes in pearlings
Will feaft in the heart of the ha',
On fybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith fodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
Wi' fouth of good gabboks of fkate,
Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate ;
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and fpeldings enew,
Wi' fingit fheeps heads, and a haggies,
And fcadlips to fup till ye fpew.

And there will be laper'd milk kebbucks,
And fowens, and farles, and baps,
Wi' fwats and well-fcraped paunches,
And brandy in ftoups and in caps.
And there will be meal-kail and caftocks,
Wi' fkink to fup till ye rive,
And roafts, to roaft on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulfe and tangles,
And a mill of good fnifhin to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rife up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal ;
For there will be lilting there ;

For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

Tune, *Tarry woo,*

CElia's voice, Celia's voice,
Sweetly on our senses win;
Guard us Heaven! guard us Heaven!
Guard us Heaven ere she begin!
When the pretty warbler sings,
Heaven its store of pleasures brings;
Then, Oh! then is heard and seen
Music's goddess, beauty's queen.

Charming Celia's voice we sing,
Sweet as balmy gale of spring,
Scattering odour as it blows,
O'er the vi'let and the rose:
Harp, viol, lute in value fall,
Celia's voice excels them all;
Oblig'd are Ramsay's songs, I vow,
Celia, to your voice and you.

Oh! it is a pleasing trance,
And our hearts within us dance,
Tarry woo when Celia sings,
Then we're borne on pleasure's wings:
Charms around the singer throng,
Angels listen to the song;
Round her all the swains rejoice,
Nought so sweet as Celia's voice.

Happy is the rural swain,
Free from city, care, and pain;
He, with pleasure all the day,
Sees his tender lambkins play:
But ye gods, can any bliss,
Any pleasure equal his,

On

On whoſe raviſh'd ſenſes throng
Celia's beauties, and her ſong!

Though a ſimple ſhepherd I,
Mighty kings I don't envy;
I am happier than a king,
Whilſt I hear my Celia ſing,
But when Celia ſings adieu,
In the ſong of *Tarry woo*,
Then am I a penſive ſwain,
Till the fair reſume the ſtrain.

Sing, my faireſt, ſing again,
Since your ſilence gives me pain;
And continue ſinging ſtill,
Till I ſay I have my fill.
Warble, faireſt, warble on,
Never let the ſong be done;
Still I find the pleaſure new,
Never, never ſing adieu.

Tune, *Dear Colin, prevent my warm bluſhes.*

DEar Jenny, your charms have undone me,
And robb'd me of freedom and joy;
I prithee, dear Jenny, ſmile on me,
For death is my fate if you're coy.
I prithee, dear charmer, be cautious;
Since death is ſo heinous, comply,
And torture me not with delaying,
Since ev'ry croſs jade can deny.

Nay, angel, don't fancy that nature,
In forming you, took ſuch delight,
To make you the faireſt in feature,
For nought but to dazzle the ſight.
Nay, *Jove*, when he gave you theſe graces,
Intended you ſolely for love,

And made thee the faireſt of laſſes,
The kindeſt of females to prove.

I prithee, dear Jenny, remember,
The roſe that is blooming in May
Is faded and ſhrunk in September,
And thrown diſregarded away.
'Tis ſo with the peeviſh young charmer,
That takes at her lover diſtaſte,
And trifles till thirty does arm her,
And ſo dies a maid at the laſt.

Tune, *To daunton me.*

GRant me, ye gods who rule above,
Ye guardian powers of virtuous love,
In ſome retir'd and ſweet retreat,
Far from th'ambitious and the great,
With ſweet Melinda in my arms,
Poſſeſs'd of all her heav'nly charms,
To paſs the fleeting hours of life,
Far from the noiſy ſcenes of ſtrife.

No anxious thoughts ſhould then controul
The gentle calmneſs of my ſoul;
No cares deprive my mind of reſt,
Nor tear Melinda from my breaſt.
Could I, thou creature all divine,
Could I but call Melinda mine,
Then happy, happy would I be,
Retir'd from all the world but thee.

When time's ſoft moments paſs away,
And love employs each chearful day,
With juſt diſdain I would look down
On all the ſplendor of a crown.
And when the fates ſhould call me hence,
To pureſt climes remote from ſenſe,

Content

Content I'd bleſs the moments paſt,
And in thy arms breathe out my laſt.

SYlvia, wilt thou waſte thy prime,
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Thou haſt youth, and that's the time,
Every moment to improve.
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys,
Sweetly ſounding in thy ear,
Infant prate, and mother's joys?
Sweetly ſounding, &c.

Only view that little dove
Softly cooing to its mate;
As a farther proof of love,
See her for his kiſſes wait.
Hark! that charming nightingale,
As it flies from ſpray to ſpray,
Sweetly tunes an amorous tale,
I love, I love, it ſtrives to ſay.

Could I to thy ſoul reveal,
But at leaſt the thouſandth part,
Of thoſe pleaſures lovers feel
In a mutual change of heart,
Then repenting, wouldſt thou ſay,
Virgin-fears, from hence remove;
All the time is thrown away
That we cannot ſpend in love.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at ſea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write:

The

The muſes now, and Neptune too,
We muſt implore to write to you.
Fa, la, la, &c.

For though the muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouſe the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roul up and down our ſhips at ſea.

Then if we write not ev'ry poſt,
Think not we are unkind.
Nor yet conclude our ſhips are loſt
By Dutchmen, or by wind;
Our tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring them twice a-day.

The King, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold,
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe
Than e'er they did of old.
But let him know it is our fears
Brings floods of tears to Whitehall ſtairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory,
The Dutch would ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;

Or

Or elſe at ſerious Ombre play.
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our hopes away,
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our wo,
Sit careleſs at a play;
Perhaps permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or ſtir your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then, how often love we've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our diſtreſs,
When we, for hopes of honour, loſe
Our certain happineſs;
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears:
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea. DORSET.

AS muſing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan;
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes,
And ſhe pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes,
And ſhe pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.

I gently requeſted the cauſe of her moan;
She told me her ſweet Seneſino was flown,
And in that ſad poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear charmer would come back again.

Why, who is this mortal ſo cruel, ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a ſtream from ſo lovely an eye?
To beauty ſo blooming what man can be blind,
To paſſion ſo tender what monſter unkind!

'Tis neither for man nor for woman, ſaid ſhe,
That thus in lamenting I water the lee;
My warbler celeſtial, ſweet darling of fame,
Is a ſhadow of ſomething, a ſex without name.

Perhaps 'tis ſome linnet, ſome blackbird, ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has ſoar'd to the ſky;
Come, dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.

No linnet, no blackbird, nor ſky-lark ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three.
My ſweet Seneſino for whom I thus cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd ſongſters that fly.

Adieu Farinello, Cuzzoni likewiſe,
Whom ſtars and whom garters extol to the ſkies:
Adieu to the op'ra, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all. CAREY.

Tune, *I'll gar you be fain to follow me.*

He. ADieu for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear Nelly, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

She. Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

He.

He. The reaſon unhappy, is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an eſtate;
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

She. Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, Johnny, be counſell'd nae langer to ſtray:
For while thou prov'ſt conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented, I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

He. O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

She. Bear witneſs ye ſtreams, and witneſs ye flow'rs,
Bear witneſs ye watchful inviſible pow'rs;
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

Tune, *Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

A Dieu, ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewel each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleaſant paſſion,
Till Delia's mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his inclination.

Juſt as the fair-one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-ſtory,
Damon muſt his Delia leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome glory.

Half-ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the uſual meeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
Theſe charming ſounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear

Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu :
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me.
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her ?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care ;
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian-angel leave me :
And, more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

W. HAMILTON.

JOCKY.

WHen Jocky was bleſs'd with your love and your (truth,
Not on Tweed's pleaſant banks dwelt ſo blythſome a
With Jenny I ſported it all the day long, (youth.
And her name was the burden and joy of my ſong.
And her name was the burden and joy of my ſong.

JENNY.

Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindneſs to me,
There liv'd in a vale not ſo happy a ſhe.
Such pleaſures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
That ſhe ſcorn'd in a cote the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah ! Jocky, what fear now poſſeſſes thy mind,
That Jenny ſo conſtant to Willy's been kind !
When dancing ſo gay with the nymphs on the plain,
She yielded her hand and her heart to the ſwain.

JENNY.

You falſely upbraid,—but remember the day
With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay,

When,

When alone with your Lucy, the ſhepherds have ſaid,
You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, ſweet Jenny, my heart ſtray'd from thee,
Nor Lucy the wanton's a maid ſtill for me:
From a laſs that's ſo true your fond Jocky ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forſake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor ſigh'd;
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
While Tweed's waters glide, ſhall your Jenny be true,
Nor love, my dear Jocky, a ſhepherd like you.

JOCKY.

No ſhepherd e'er met with ſo faithful a fair;
For kindneſs no youth can with jocky compare.
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealouſy free,
And none on the plain ſhall be happy as we.

Tune, *My Nannyo.*

STrephon, how could you cruel prove,
To ſlight me when you ſee I love?
What madneſs has poſſeſs'd your mind?
Muſt you be falſe, 'cauſe I am kind?
The love ſo eagerly you ſought,
I gave you ſooner than I ought,
And now I'm baniſh'd from your breaſt,
Becauſe I granted your requeſt.

Had I unkind and cruel prov'd,
Falſe man, I had been ſtill belov'd:
While I was cold, your breaſt was fir'd;
When my flame kindled, your's expir'd.
May the next woman you addreſs,
Torment you more, and love you leſs;
Then, like a ſpaniel, you will prove;
The worſe you're us'd, the more you'll love.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcents did clear my brain,
From flow'rs that grow ſo rarely ;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid ;
She ſhin'd though it was fogie.
I aſk'd her name. Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I ſtood a while, and did admire
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately ;
So briſk an air there did appear
In a country maid ſo neatly ;
Such nat'ral ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lily in a bogie,
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this fame Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee.
Though thou art dreſs'd in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee.
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clowniſh rogie ;
Thou'rt match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O ! Were I but ſome ſhepherd-ſwain,
To feed my flock beſide thee ;
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th'imperial throne,
And ſtateſmens dang'rous ſtations ;
I'd be no King, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations ;

Might

Might I careſs, and ſtill poſſeſs,
This laſs of whom I'm vogie:
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature:
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie.
Pity my caſe, ye powers above,
Elſe I die for Katharine Ogie.

IN a ſmall pleaſant village, by nature compleat,
Of a few honeſt ſhepherds the quiet retreat,
There liv'd a young laſs, of ſo lovely a mien,
Such ſeldom at balls or at courts can be ſeen.
The ſweet damaſk-roſe was full blown on her cheek,
The lily diſplay'd all its white on her neck:
The lads of the village all ſtrove to prevail,
And call'd her in raptures, *Sweet Nan of the vale.*

Young Hodge ſpoke his paſſion, till quite out of breath,
Crying wounds, he could hug her and kiſs her to death;
And Dick with her beauty was ſo much poſſeſs'd,
That he lothed his food, and abandon'd his reſt.
But ſhe could find nothing in them to endear,
So ſent them away with a flea in their ear;
And ſaid, no ſuch boobies could tell a love-tale,
Or bring to compliance ſweet Nan of the vale.

Till young Roger, the ſmarteſt of all the gay green,
Who lately to London on a frolic had been,
Came home much improv'd in his air and addreſs,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing ſucceſs.
He ſaid, Heav'n form'd ſuch ripe lips to be kiſs'd;
And preſs'd her ſo cloſely, ſhe could not reſiſt;

And shew'd the dull clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his wishes sweet Nan of the vale.

NEar the smooth Liffy's silver streams,
Begloom'd from' Phebus' orient beams,
In a rock's deep recess,
A grott by nature's hands is made,
Screen'd by the poplar's ample shade,
From public sight's access.

Fair Flavia sought this sad retreat,
There to complain of man's deceit,
And feed her own despair.
By woes oppress'd, there sat alone,
By love and melancholy grown
Regardless of all fear.

The hollow rock where she reclin'd,
She thought resembled Damon's mind;
His dark designs, the shade;
The smooth fair stream, his lovely face;
Its sound, the tongue's bewitching grace,
That won, and that betray'd.

Thus many tedious nights she past,
Imploring each might be her last;
Till love in pity sent,
One ev'ning as he careless stray'd,
Damon to hear the mournful maid
Her melting sorrows vent.

Soon as he saw who made the plaint,
What heart so hard but must relent,
And dry such pearly tears!
Prostrate, the injur'd nymph he pray'd
Forgiveness, that he e'er betray'd
Her love to jealous fears.

Surprise

Surprise a while made Flavia mute;
But pow'rful love soon gain'd the suit,
And Hymen crown'd their joys.
Her doubts remov'd, his truth she owns;
And now, instead of midnight-moans,
She sings to Damon's boys.

SWeet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask-rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as wind when Zephyr blows;
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.
Refreshing, &c.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs
Of verdant spring, her note renews:
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th'approach of autumn flies.
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;

And marble tow'rs, and walls of brafs,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, deftroying far and wide,
Love from the foul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blefs'd above:
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lafting reft from pain.

Love, and his fifter fair, the foul,
Twin-born from heaven together came:
Love will the univerfe controul,
When dying feafons lofe their name:
Divine abodes fhall own his pow'r,
When time and death fhall be no more. BOOTH.

HEar me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry fwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languifh, thus complain,
Alas! fhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and fighs, like filent air,
Unheeded never move her.
At the bonny bufh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firft did love her.

That day fhe fmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid feem'd ever kinder;
I thought myfelf the luckieft lad,
So fweetly there to find her.
I try'd to foothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pafs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now fhe fcornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;

If

If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
  She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
  Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
  It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
  Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
  Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
  My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
  To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Tune, *Polwarth on the green.*

THough beauty, like the roſe
  That ſmiles on Polwarth green,
In various colours ſhows,
  As 'tis by fancy ſeen;
Yet all its diff'rent glories lie
  United in thy face;
And virtue, like the ſun on high,
  Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
  So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
  Each motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay
  The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
  She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
  With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,

Perfume

Perfume her breath, and ſmile,
And wave your balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſsful ecſtaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm.

WHY ſeeks my love the garden's bloom,
To deck her ſnowy breaſt and hair?
Would ſhe all beauties overcome,
And make them die becauſe leſs fair?
No more the roſe a bluſh ſhall boaſt,
Though in the dewy morning ſpread;
Where her cheeks bloom, its luſtre's loſt,
And fading looks the wonted red.

The tulip, gay with various dyes,
Stole from the teints of Iris' bow,
Has not ſuch charms to pleaſe the eyes,
As can my lovely Sally ſhow.
Her lips outvy the richeſt clove,
Her teeth the dew on lilies clear;
Faint to the veins, in her I love,
Do the blue violets appear.

When the ſoft ev'ning's breezy gale
Viſits the orient ſpicy ſhore,
Not half the perfumes does exhale,
As her ſweet breath whom I adore.
Now theſe fair flow'rs their ſweet reſign,
In Sally's breaſt, that pleaſing fair;
Then, as their fate reſembles mine,
Let me, like them, be bury'd there.

THE bluſhing bloom of virgin-cheek,
That rivals ev'n the roſe in May,
Who would preſerve, no farther ſeek,
But liſt to us, we'll point the way.

Soon

Soon as the lark begins her ſong,
Forſake the ſpot of buſy care;
Trip ye the flow'ry meads along,
And deign our harmleſs ſports to ſhare.

Releas'd from hurry, noiſe, and ſmoke,
From routs and drums, and maſquerades;
Releas'd from fops inſipid joke,
Away and taſte the bliſs of ſhades.
From verdant tufts the vi'lets ſpring,
The dazies ting'd with modeſt red;
Hark how the thruſh and blackbird ſing,
And friſking lambs around ye feed.

All underneath ſome thickning tree,
We ſhelter from the ſultry heat;
We read or chat with chearful glee,
And ſpread our clean, though homely meat.
The friendly brook that runs hard by,
Supplies us with its liquor clear.
Unenvy'd great! your toils lay by,
And taſte our rural pleaſures here.

AMphitryon and his bride, a godlike pair,
He brave as Mars, and ſhe as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchleſs ſplendor crown'd the nuptial feaſt.
The vaulted roof with loud applauſes rung,
While thus the love-inſtructed hero ſung.

Was Jove himſelf deſcending
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call ſuch beauty mine:
His ſhafts of bolted thunder
With boldneſs I'd deride:
Not Heav'n itſelf can ſunder
The bands which love has ty'd.

The Thund'rer heard, and look'd indignant down,
Till beauty's glance diſarm'd his gather'd frown :
The magic impulſe of Alcmena's eyes
Compelled the god to quit his native ſkies ;
He feign'd the huſband's form, poſſeſs'd her charms,
And puniſh'd his preſumption in her arms.

He's the moſt unwiſe of lovers,
When his preſſive vows prevail,
If his wanton tongue diſcovers
Graces which he ſhould conceal.
He deſerves the higheſt pleaſure,
Who reveals it not when won.
Beauty's like the miſer's treaſure ;
He that boaſts, is ſure undone.

AH whither, my Clio ! ah whither haſt fled ?
What grove doſt thou viſit, what vale doſt thou (tread ?
Ah ! return ; no more from your fond poet ſtray.
My lyre is quite tuneleſs, my lyre is quite tuneleſs,
(when Clio's away.

While Cliowas with me, through deſarts by night
Undaunted I'd rove, with romantic delight :
But the city's a wild now, and chearleſs the day ;
All pleaſure forſakes me when Clio's away.

Once muſic could charm me, and converſe could pleaſe ;
Now ſounds loſe their force, and diſcourſe does but (teaze.
'Twas ſhe ſwell'd the note, and made company gay ;
No joy can I reliſh when Clio's away.

How enraptur'd I us'd to my Clio rehearſe
Anacreon's ſweet ſonnet, or great Homer's verſe !
But neither to me now is ſublime or gay ;
All Parnaſſus is gloomy when Clio's away.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe alone ſparkles delight in the glaſs,
And ſweetens the minutes of life as they paſs;
'Tis ſhe points my ſatyr, and ſmoothes my ſond lay;
To me nature's lifeleſs when Clio's away.

Ah Clio, return; for if truth or if love
Can force a requeſt, ſurely mine then muſt move:
You'll find none ſo faithful where-ever you ſtray;
Then why from her poet is Clio away?

NO more my heart ſhall looſely rove
in ſearch of novel charms:
My fancy's fix'd, reſiſtleſs love
My glowing boſom warms.
A bluſhing cheek, a lip and eye,
A ſhape, an air, a voice,
Oft rais'd a wiſh or forc'd a ſigh,
But ne'er could fix my choice.
For ſoon I ſhook off beauty's chains,
Impatient of controul,
The object chang'd, no trace remains
Imprinted on the ſoul.
The charms that gild a lovely mind,
Can conquer that alone:
My fancy's fix'd, convinc'd I find
Variety in one.

'TIS a taſk too hard to anſwer,
On my ſoul I cannot fix,
Perfect features, glowing creatures,
Loveliest of the charming ſex.
Loveliest, &c.

See the ſoft and curling ringlets
On their lovely breaſts and necks;
May they be from pride as free,
As thoſe pretty hills from ſpecks.

See

See thoſe eyes how black and piercing,
Shapes that meaſure ſcarce a ſpan,
Boſoms panting, nothing wanting
To complete the fall of man.

Why then doſt thou idly aſk me,
Which my tow'ring ſoul would reach?
If I could, with both I would;
Death attends the ſteps of each.

HAppy pair, who taſte love's bleſſing,
Sweet delights their hours employ;
Giving ſtill, yet ſtill poſſeſſing;
While beſtowing, ſharing, joy.
If misfortunes e'er ſhould grieve them,
Both ſupport the light'ned weight.
Double ſtrength and ſkill relieve them
From diſtreſs, for one too great.
From diſtreſs, for one too great.

Male and female were by nature
In one nly maſs combin'd;
Halves of a divided creature
Muſt uneaſy be till join'd.
But what raptures, when united,
Thrill through the cemented parts!
Both delighted and delighting,
Pleaſures interchange with hearts.

Int'reſt all in common blending,
Ev'ry pleaſure, ev'ry pain;
Ev'ry wiſh by nature tending
Mutual happineſs to gain.
Thus indulgent Heav'n deſigning,
Mortals heav'nly joys ſhould prove,
Two fond hearts in one combining,
Bid them taſte its joys in love.

Harken

HArken, and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do,
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e to be my bride.
With a fal dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
With durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doghter's love to win,
I care na for making meikle din;
What anſwer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doghter's love to win.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doghter winna gloom
On ſic a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtept up the houſe,
And wow but he was wondrous crouſe.

I have three owſen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough;
The place they ca' it *Cadenengh*:
I ſcorn to tell a lie.
Beſides, I ha'e frae the great Laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang-kail-yard.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
I wat on him ſhe did not gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waiſt.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
And for myſell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bannet, and ſpat out his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd hir mou'.

The maiden bluſh'd, and bing'd fu' la';
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiſs;
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this.

Your doghter wad na ſay me na,
As to yourſell ſhe has left it a',
As we could gree between us twa.
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikie,
But ſic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky;
Ye's hae the wedding-dinner free:
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't.

The bridal day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blytheſome lad and laſs.
But ſicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs John ty'd up the marriage-hands.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,

Frae

Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and muches were fae clean,
They glanced in our ladſes een.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and ſic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrels they did never blin,
W' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met.

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

TO be gazing on thoſe charms,
To be folded in thoſe arms,
To unite my lips to thoſe,
Whence eternal ſweetneſs flows;
To be lov'd by one ſo fair,
Is to be bleſs'd beyond compare!

On that boſom to recline,
While that hand is lock'd in mine;
In thoſe eyes myſelf to view,
Gazing ſtill, and ſtill on you;
To be lov'd by one ſo fair,
Is to be bleſs'd beyond compare! H. CAREY.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scotſman.
In haly bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate a large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I'll loor chuſe, in highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat, man,
Ere I would, for ſic little ends,
Refuſe my bonny Scotſman.
Wae worth the man wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views love's art to uſe,
While ſtranger to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word, then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man.
Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder ſhore,
My brave, my bonny Scotſman.

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;

Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excells in every grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's ſacred bands ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

THE laſs of Paty's mill,
So bonny, blyche, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.

Through all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Paty's mill,
Should ſhare the ſame with me.

Tune, *Bonny Jean.*

LOve's goddeſs, in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let thy ſhafts at random rove,
For Jeanny's haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willy's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.

No

No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt ev'ry day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny Jean.

A thouſand tranſports croud his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen.
With breaking day he liſts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

MITHER.

AUld Rob Morris, that wins in yon glen, (men;
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too;
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild, and my eild, can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen;
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

M. Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride;
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He ſhall ly by your ſide, and kiſs ye too:
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

D.

D. Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou well,
His a —— it ſticks out like ony peat-creel;
He's out-ſhinn'd and inn-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
And auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

M. Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld braſs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye ſhould na be ſae ill to ſhoe;
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

D. But auld Rob Morris I never will ha'e,
His back is ſae ſtiff, and his baird is grown gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

Tune, *Auld lang ſyne.*

WHen flow'ry meadows deck'd the year,
And ſporting lambkins play;
When ſpangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay;
Warm'd by my love, ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Should lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling choirs from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs.
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſt;
I bleſs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade.

But joy tranſporting never fails
To fly away as air;
Another ſwain with her prevails
To be as falſe as fair.

What

What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again:
All her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus ſighing with his pain!
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
Do not thyſelf beguile;
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a ſmile.

Tune, *Bleſs'd as th' immortal gods.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow!
That beauteous heav'n ere while ſerene?
Whence do theſe ſtorms of tempeſts flow?
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends?
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, ev'ry heart t'inſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face;
And Pallas, with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.

Who-

Who can the double pain endure ?
Or who but muſt reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' ſhield ?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is giv'n,
Let not a wretch in torment live ;
But ſmile, and learn to copy heav'n,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
Forgive th'offender and th'offence,
But ev'n itſelf, appeas'd, beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

Tune, *Carl and the King come.*

WHen we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs reſult in gain, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Long the ſport of fortune driv'n,
To deſpair our thoughts were giv'n ;
Our thoughts will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely.

Now in dreary diſtant groves,
Though we moan like turtle-doves,
Suffering beſt our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, Phely.

Joy will come in a ſurpriſe,
Till that happy hour ariſe ;
Temper well your love-ſick ſighs,
For hope becomes the wiſe, Phely.

J. MITCHELL.

Tune,

Tune, *Had awa' fra' me, Donald.*

He. O Come awa', come awa',
Come awa' wi me, Jenny;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,
Whase ſmiles ance raviſhed me, Jenny.
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſhall alter me, Jenny;
For you're the miſtreſs of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

Firſt when your ſweets inſlav'd my heart,
You ſeem'd to favour me, Jenny;
But now, alas! you act a part
That ſpeaks inconſtancy, Jenny.
Inconſtancy is ſic a vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;
It ſuits not with your virtue nice
To carry ſae to me, Jenny.

She. O had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald.
Some fickle miſtreſs you may find,
Will jilt as faſt as thee, Donald;
To ilka ſwain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with honeſty, Donald;
I'll never lo'e mony, I'll lo'e much,
I hate all levity, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For words of falſehood ill defend
A roving love like thine, Donald.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;

Apparent

Apparent worth, and fair renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald;
Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now, the mask fall'n off, I scorn
To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald!
For I'll reserve myself for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

He. Then I'm thy man, and false report
Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

She. When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come awa' wi' me, Donald;
I'm well content ne'er to repent,
That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a walk up to the hill.

O Katie, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while;
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the summer's gawn to smile:

The

The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs and whiſtling hynd,
In ilka dale, green ſhaw and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad yer mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk your brow.
We'll pou the daiſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between-hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet ſog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, ſaft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the caller ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

MY mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me:
I canna get leave to look to my love,
Or elſe ſhe is like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wite yer poor Kate,
When ye keek in your toom cotter.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer to twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;

Brag well o' yer land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing, and I'm not very auld;
Yet well I like to meet her at the waking o' the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
When'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly, to a' the leave I'am cald;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow at waking o' the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown. (bauld:
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly, it makes me blythe and
And naithing gi'es me ſic delight as waking o' the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſweetly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt, it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſweetly, and, in her ſangs, is tald
With innocence the wale of ſenſe, at waking o' the
(fauld.

NAncy's to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdſpinks chatt'ring,
And Willy he has follow'd her;
To gain her love by flatt'ring:

But

But a' that he could ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my anty?
With crowdy-moudy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty;
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks butter'd fou' well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' houſe and a pantry;
A good blew bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
And ay, until the day he dy'd,
He rade on good ſhanks nagy.

Now wae, and wonder on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
Wad ye compare yourſel to me,
A docken till a tanſy?
I hae a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy:
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy:
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me, your winſome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet, ye may take it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my legs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout,
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had your tongue, and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nancy.

Tune, *The kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have ſeven braw new gowns,
And ſeven better to mak;
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My woo'r has turn'd his back.
Beſides, I have ſeven milk-ky,
And Sandy has but three;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dykes,
My mither can card and ſpin,
And I am a fine fodgel laſs,
And the ſiller comes linkin in;
The ſiller comes linkin in,
And it is ſou fair to ſee,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
What ails the lads at me?

Whenever

Whenever our Baty does bark,
  Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
  Will light and venture in:
But never a ane comes in,
  Tho' mony a ane gaes by;
Syne far ben the house I rin,
  And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first pray'rs,
  I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
  And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my nicst pray'rs,
  I pray'd but now and than,
I fash'd na my head about gear,
  If I gat a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
  I pray baith night and day,
And O if a beggar wad come,
  With that same beggar I'd gae.
And O, and what'll come o' me!
  And O, and what'll I do!
That sic a braw lassie as I
  Shou'd die for a wooer, I trow!

Tune, *Dainty Davy*.

WHile sops, in saft Italian verse,
  Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
  These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear;
And yet with these fine sounds I swear
  The maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks,
And ſyne the' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae Jove,
My height of ecſtaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing—thus—preſent my love
With roſes eek and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay—I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs, and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' fault I wot;
But, Nanſy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhime,
And, ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chime,
And ſlide away like water.

Now ken, my rev'rend ſonſy fair,
Thy runkl'd cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-ſhut een and hoddling air,
Are a' my paſſion's fuel.
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heav'n in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms enew for me:
Then ſmile, and be na cruel.

Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy;
Drieſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, Nancy, ſae will ye now.

Troth I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancy.

But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in ſang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

Tune, *The highland laddie.*

He. NOW all thy virgin-ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee;
My fair Melinda, come recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee,
And tell, without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures on thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that ſhall for ever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods well-pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And will in all your joys uphold ye.

She. No more I bluſh, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in tranſport tender;
Since that ſo brave a man is mine,
To my Brigantius I ſurrender.
By ſacred ties I'm now to move,
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my ſmiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatneſs ſhall protect me.
O the happy, *&c.*

He. Soft fall thy words, like morning-dew,
New life on blowing flow'rs beſtowing;
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To Heav'n, with ſpirit grateful glowing.
My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefeſt treaſure,

Shall

Shall be employ'd as thou think'ſt fit,
As agents for our love and pleaſure.

She. With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cote, beſide a mountain,
And nature's eaſy wants relieve
With ſhepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleaſes thee, the rural grove,
Or congreſs of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleaſure with thy love,
In plains retir'd or ſocial city.

He. How ſweetly canſt thou charm my ſoul,
O lovely ſum of my deſires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inſpires.
Tune ev'ry inſtrument of ſound,
Which all the mind divinely raiſes,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and ſweet, my darling's praiſes.

She. Thy love gives me the brighteſt ſhine,
My happineſs is now completed,
Since all that's gen'rous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united:
For which I'll ſtudy thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a conſtant ſmiling.

CHOR. O the happy, *&c.*

TArry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and ſpun,
Then the work is haſtens done;

But

But when woven, dreſt, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleating ſweetly as ye go
Through the winter's froſt and ſnow.
Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
Not be haff ſo uſeful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and parten fou;
Leez me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life!
Far frae courts, and free frae ſtrife;
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:
No ſuch muſic to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſceptre ſways,
Has not ſweeter holy-days.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd lives ſae well;
Lives ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo?

THE

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her ye manna' be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthful, and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of ilka thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What could you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt of the town,
With naithing, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er with courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while het, if ye'd have it to wald;
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thouleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

Tune, *Nanny-o.*

AH! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan:
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd
The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.
I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
Of duſty Roger's winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees,
And all for thee, my ſmirky Nan.

The

The ale-wife miſſes me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
The baker makes the beſt of bread,
The flour he takes, and leaves the bran;
The bran is ev'ry other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky Nan.

But Dick of th' green, that ugly lown,
Laſt Sunday to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs, I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky Nan.
But, hark! the roaring ſoger comes,
And rattles Tantara Taran,
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums;
Woes me, I've loſt my ſmirky Nan.

Tune, *Abbot of Canterbury.*

WHO has e'er been at Paris muſt needs know the (Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,
Where honour and juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe heroes pains by a halter or gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the ſhackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the 'ſquire of the pad, and the knight of the poſt,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no (more croſt.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are (known,
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own.
But my hearers cry out, What a duce doſt thou ail?
Put off thy reflections, and give us the tale.

'Twas there then in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs to back a bad cauſe,

A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to aſſiſt but a grave Cordelier?

The 'ſquire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene,
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhou'd begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

What frightens you thus, my good ſon, ſays the prieſt?
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Pough! prythee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch fancies,
Rely on the aid ye ſhall have from St Francis;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die, let the church do the reſt.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend; to-day is your period of ſorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

To-morrow! our hero reply'd in a fright,
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.

Alas! quoth the 'ſquire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat:
I ſhou'd therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Wou'd you be ſo kind as to go in my place.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit:
The feaſt I propos'd to you I cannot taſte,
For this night by our order is mark'd for a faſt.

Then, turning about to the hangman he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I prythee, this troubleſome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die. PRIOR.

Waſt

WAft me, ſome ſoft and cooling breeze,
To Windſor's ſhady, kind retreat,
Where ſylvan ſcenes, wide-ſpreading trees,
Repel the raging dog-ſtar's heat.

Where tufted graſs, and moſſy beds,
Afford a rural calm repoſe;
Where Woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant ſweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy Thames, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling valley plays;
His glaſſy ſurface chears the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadows ſtrays.

His fertile banks, with herbage green,
His vales with ſmiling plenty ſwell;
Where-e'er his purer ſtream is ſeen,
The gods of health and pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm, once more divide;
In thee my glowing boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me, with damaſk roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome oſier's duſky ſhade,
Where water-lilies paint the ground,
And bubbling ſprings refreſh the glade.

Let chaſte Clarinda too be there,
With azure mantle lightly dreſt:
Ye nymphs, bind up her ſilken hair;
Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breaſt.

O haſte away, fair maid, and bring
The muſe, the kindly friend to love;
To thee alone the muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

Dr CROXAL.

Tune, *Children in the wood.*

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong,
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or, like a March hare, mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber, would ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottl'd ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts, ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would ſoon be free from cares;
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I feel them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes are black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Briſk as a body-looſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt,
Sweet as a roſe her face and lips,
Round as a globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king;
Good lack! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do,
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And as the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who will take Peru;

Great as an emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt;
Let us like burs together ſtick,
As warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſpeed,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

SEE, from the ſilent grove Alexis flies,
And ſeeks, with ev'ry pleaſing art,
To eaſe the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
While thus to muſic's pow'r the ſwain addreſs'd his (pray'rs.

Charming ſounds, that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſic, Oh, compoſe my anguiſh!
Ev'ry paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me,
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak t' aſſwage an am'rous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings.

Sounds,

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, ſhepherd, then deceive thee;
Muſic is the voice of love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind conſenting,
Will alone thy pain remove. J. Hughes.

COme follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their neſt,
Unheard and uneſpy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,
Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, and none us ſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold-maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid;
Every night, before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.

Then o'er a muſhrom's head
Our table-cloath we ſpread:

A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd;
And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a feast that's wond'rous nice.

The grashopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen,
Where we the night before have been.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grand-dame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph, whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows:
Some worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaus,
And death-watches phyſicians.

That ſtateſmen have the worm, is ſeen,
By all their winding play;
Their conſcience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah! Moore, thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

Ah! learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who ſett'ſt our intrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powders vain,
Since worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more:
Ev'n Britten's wits to worms ſhall turn,
Who maggots were before.

A. POPE.

SAys my uncle, I pray now diſcover
What has been the cauſe of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
I've ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

O nephew, your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better progg;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.

The ſchool-boy's delight is a play-day,
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flogg,
A fop's the delight of a lady;
But mine is in ſweet Molly Mogg.

Will-o'-wiſp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;
But no light can e'er ſet me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mogg.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will paum and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I paum my ſweet Molly Mogg.

The heart that's half wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be changing,
'Tis ſo fix'd on my ſweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women, at beſt, are a clogg;
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all my paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes are loſt in a fog,
And in nothing can find ſatisfaction,
But in thoughts of my ſweet Mogg.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,

And

And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance at my ſweet Molly Mog.

For theſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give for my ſweet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me a-gog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mogg.

YOung I am, and yet unſkill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my ſoul diſguiſe,
Heave my breaſts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Briſk, and of a jaunty mien,
I ſhou'd long to be fifteen. J. DRYDEN.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You with fair winds may waft him over;
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main,
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
To with the wildest tempest loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my ship-wreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain. M. PRIOR.

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

O Venus! beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise;
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air, they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The

The birds dismist, while you remain,
Bore back their empty car again.
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd?
And by what cure to be asswag'd?
What gentle youth I wou'd allure?
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice,
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant! once more
Thy needful presence I implore;
In pity come, and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

Tune, *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

THus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd.
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd;

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shall

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
With Abigails forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boaſt?
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a toaſt.

Deareſt mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why.

I'll ſoon with Jenny's pride quit ſcore,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondneſs prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire. M. PRIOR.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for love's ſake, let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your ſway:
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

But,

But, could your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Wou'd you a maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, wou'd you uſe that very pow'r,
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard,
To combat love and you.

WHite as her hand, fair Julia threw
A ball of ſilver ſnow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My boſom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whoſe great command
Can thus a ſnow-ball arm;
When ſent, fair Julia, from thy hand,
Ev'n ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhou'd we then ſecure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all muſt feel;
Who thus can, by ſtrange magic arts,
In ice his flame conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Can quench my fierce deſire;
But not with water, ice, nor ſnow,
But with an equal fire.

WHat though I am a country-laſs,
A lofty mind I bear-a,
And think myſelf as good as thoſe
Who gay apparel wear-a.

What though my cloaths be home-ſpun gray,
My ſkin it is as ſoft-a,
As thoſe that, in their Cyprus veils,
Carry their heads aloft-a.

What though I keep my father's ſheep,
It is what muſt be done-a:
A garland of the ſweeteſt flow'rs
Shall ſhade me from the ſun-a.

And when I ſee they feeding be
Where graſs and flow'rs do ſpring-a,
Beſide a purling cryſtal ſtream
I'll ſet me down and ſing-a.

My country-curds, and wooden ſpoon,
Methinks are very fine-a,
When, on a ſhady bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine-a.

My leathern bottle, ſtuff'd with ſage,
Is drink that's very thin-a;
No wind did e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt me for to ſin-a.

What tho' my portion won't allow
Of bags of ſhining gold-a;
A farmer's daughter now-a-days
Like ſwine is bought and ſold-a.

My body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt mind within-a;
And for an hundred thouſand pound
I value 't not a pin-a.

No jewels wear I in my ears,
Nor pearls about my neck-a;

No

No coſtly rings do I e'er uſe,
My fingers for to deck-a.

But for the man, whoe'er he be,
Whom I ſhall chance to wed-a,
I'll keep a jewel worth them all,
I mean my maidenhead-a.

KInd Ariadne, drown'd in tears,
Upbraids the faithleſs Grecian chief,
Till Bacchus, jolly god, appears,
And heals her woe, and lulls her grief.

The moral of this tale implies,
When woman yields her virgin-ſtore,
Away the fated lover flies,
New mines of pleaſure to explore.

A while ſhe tries each female ſnare,
The loud reproach, the ſullen grief;
But, tir'd at length with fruitleſs care,
Flies to the bottle for relief.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape inſlav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal ſtroke;
Till by her wit Corinna ſav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the falſe inconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one. J. ADDISON.

APollo once finding fair Daphne alone,
Diſcover'd his flame in a paſſionate tone:
He told her, and bound it with many a curſe,
He was ready to take her for better for worſe;
Then talk'd of the ſmart, and the hole in his heart,
So large one might drive through the paſſage a cart.
But the ſilly coy maid, to the god's great amazement,
Sprung away from his arms, and leap'd thro' the caſe-
(ment.

He following cry'd out, My life, and my dear,
Return to your lover, and lay by your fear.
You think me, perhaps, ſome ſcoundrel, or whereſon:
Alas! I've no wicked deſign on your perſon.
I'm a god by my trade, young, plump, and well made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purſy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of phyſicians, and none of the college
Muſt be mention'd with me for experience and know-
(ledge:
Each herb, flow'r, and plant, by its name I can call;
And do more than the beſt ſeventh ſon of them all:
With my powder and pills, I cure all the ills
That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purſy god came panting behind.

Beſides, I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,
And top all the writers of fam'd Covent-Garden;
I'm the prop of the ſtage, and the pattern of wit;
I ſet my own ſonnets, and ſing to my kit:

I'm

I'm at Will's all the day, and each night at the play,
And verſes I make faſt as hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her ſpeed,
And flew like a whore from a conſtable freed.

Now, had our wife lover, (but lovers are blind),
In the language of Lombard-ſtreet, told her his mind;
Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money,
Oddſbubs I muſt ſwinge thee, my joy, and my honey;
I ſit next the chair, and ſhall ſhortly be May'r;
Neither Clayton nor Duncomb with me can compare:
Tho' as wrinkl'd as Prim, as deform'd as the devil,
The god had ſucceeded, the nymph had been civil.

T. Brown.

WHere the light cannot pierce in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undiſturb'd by all ſounds but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun leſs intenſe to the weſtward inclines,
For the meadows, the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance, as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake.

Where my faireſt and I, on its verge as we paſs,
For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme,
Our two ſhadows may view in the watery glaſs,
While the fiſhes do play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
While ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain;
All be ſilent and huſh'd, unleſs echo repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
To direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move:
And let not a thought be expreſs'd in our talk,
But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus inchanted each day with theſe rural delights,
And ſecure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

From MILTON'S L'Allegro.

LET me wander not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milk-maid ſingeth blythe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

YES, Daphne, in your face I find
Thoſe charms by which my heart's betray'd:
Then let not your diſdain unbind
The priſ'ner that your eyes have made.
She that in love makes leaſt defence
Wounds ever with the ſureſt dart:
Beauty may captivate the ſenſe,
But kindneſs only gains the heart.

'Tis kindneſs, Daphne, muſt maintain
The empire that you once have won:
When beauty does like tyrants reign,
The ſubjects from their duty run.
Then force me not to be untrue;
Leſt I, compell'd by generous ſhame,
Caſt off my loyalty to you,
To gain a glorious rebel's name.

TS

IS there a charm, ye pow'rs above,
To eaſe a wounded breaſt,
Through reaſon's glaſs to look at love,
To wiſh, and yet to reſt?
Let wiſdom boaſt, 'tis all in vain,
An empire o'er the mind;
'Tis beauty, beauty holds the chain,
And triumphs o'er mankind.

Thrice happy birds on ev'ry ſpray,
Unartful notes prolong;
Your feather'd mates reward the lay,
And yield to pow'rful ſong.
By nature fierce, without controul,
The human ſavage ran,
Till love refin'd his ſtubborn ſoul,
And civiliz'd the man.

Verſe turn's aſide the tyrant's rage,
And cheers the drooping ſlave;
It wins a ſmile from hoary age,
And diſappoints the grave.
The force of numbers muſt ſucceed,
And ſoothe each gentle ear;
Though my fond cauſe ſhould Phebus plead,
He'd find a Daphne here.

Did heav'n ſuch wond'rous gifts produce,
To curſe our wretched race;
Say, muſt we all the heart accuſe,
And yet approve the face?
Thus in the ſun, bedropt with gold,
The baſking adder lies;
The ſwain admires each ſhining fold,
Then graſps the ſnake, and dies.

SPring renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey;

In

In each creature we may ſee
The effect of love's decree.
Such their ſtate, thus their fate;
Do not, Polly, do not wait.

Look around, and ſee them play,
All are wanton while they may:
Why ſhould precious time be loſt?
After ſummer comes a froſt.
All purſue nature's due;
Let us, Polly, do ſo too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds o'er ev'ry meadow lowing,
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing;
Hark they coo, ſee they woo;
Let us, Polly, do ſo too.

Mark how kind that ſwain and laſs,
Yonder ſitting on the graſs;
See how earneſtly he wooes,
While ſhe, bluſhing, can't refuſe:
See theſe two, how they woo;
Let us, Polly, do ſo too.

Mark yon cloud above the plain,
See it ſeems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking ſhelter from the weather.
Fear not you, I'll be true;
Let us therefore do ſo too.

SWeet were once the joys I taſted,
All was jollity and love;
Time methought too nimbly haſted,
Which on pleaſure's wings did move.
Chloe then was all my treaſure,
Never was a richer ſwain;

Chloe

Chloe doubl'd ev'ry pleaſure,
Chloe baniſh'd ev'ry pain.

But the envious gods repining,
So much bliſs on earth to ſee,
All their bitt'reſt curſes joining,
Daſh'd my cup with jealouſy.
Now, where erſt my pipe reſounded,
Steals the ſigh, and heart-felt groan,
Love by doubts and fears ſurrounded;
Ill diſpute a tott'ring throne.

Fool, that ever art purſuing
What conceal'd is always beſt:
Jealouſy, love's child and ruin,
Leave, Oh! leave my tortur'd breaſt.
With the ſlave thy pow'r confeſſing,
Thou, O Venus! mildly deal:
They who ſhun, or ſlight thy bleſſing,
Should alone thy torments feel.

'TWas in the bloom of May,
When odours breathe around,
When nymphs are blythe and gay,
And all with mirth abound;
That happily I ſtray'd,
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a maid,
No mortal e'er ſo fair.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of ſtraw,
Which ſuch a face did ſhade
As Phebus never ſaw:
Her locks, of nut-brown hue,
A round ear'd coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleaſing view
A ſporting breeze reveal'd.

Around

Around her ſlender waſte
A ſcrip embroider'd hung,
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accomp'ny'd with a ſong;
With ſuch a pleaſing note
Cuzzoni doth excel,
Or Philomela's throat,
That warbles through the vale.

Not long I ſtood to view;
Struck with her heav'nly air,
I to the charmer flew,
And caught the yielding fair.
Hear this, ye ſcornful belles,
And milder ways purſue;
She that in charms excels,
Excels in kindneſs too.

Tune, *Alca-houſe.*

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not deſpiſe a poor conqueſt like me?
On lords thy admirers could look with diſdain,
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain?
You ſaid, while they teaz'd you with nonſenſe and dreſs,
When real the paſſion, the vanity's leſs;
You ſaw through that ſilence which others deſpiſe,
And, while beaus were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

O! how ſhall I fold thee, and kiſs all thy charms,
'Till fainting with pleaſure, I die in your arms;
Through all the wild tranſports of ecſtaſy toſt,
'Till, ſinking together, together we're loſt!
Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
Whoſe wit does enliven each dull pauſe of joy;
And when the ſhort raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful miſtreſs turns ſenſible friend?

In

In vain do I praiſe thee, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for expreſſion, which only we feel.
In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unſeen.
When I ſee you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my boſom, how can I deſpair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care:
I'll aſk thy advice when with troubles oppreſt,
Which never diſpleaſes, but always is beſt.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
Thy wit ſhall correct what thy love did inſpire:
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendſhip, when paſſion's no more.

A. W—R.

Tune, *Banks of Forth.*

AWake, my love, with genial ray
The ſun returning glads the day;
Awake, the balmy Zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daiſie glows,
The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle wooes his tender bride,
To love each warbler tunes the ſong,
And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daiſies fair!
More fragrant than the vernal air!
More gentle than the turtle-dove,
Or ſtreams that murmur through the grove!
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Theſe pleaſures wait on waſting ſpring;
Then come, the tranſient bliſs enjoy;
Nor fear what fleets ſo faſt will cloy.

Tune,

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

TAke, O! take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were foreſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn.
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, though ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe top the pinks that grow
Are of thoſe that April wears:
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in icy chains by thee. SHAKESPEAR.

ON Etrick banks, in a ſummer's night,
At gloming, when the ſheep draw hame,
I met my laſſie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily-neck,
And kiſs'd and clapp'd her there ſou lang;
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, My laſſie, will ye go
To th' highland hills the Earſe to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herring at the Broom-o'-law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

And when that we have wrought enough,
When winter's froſt and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,

I'll

I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring,
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lambkins bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs among the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer-ſhield:
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That mak the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of Innermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Innermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tuneful ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer-ſuits,
To mirth all nature now invites;

Let us be blytheſome then and gay,
Among the birks of Innermay.

Behold the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Innermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Innermay.

COme hither, my country 'ſquire,
Take friendly inſtructions from me,
The Lords ſhall admire thy taſte in attire,
And the Ladies ſhall languiſh for thee.
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
Such frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er, like a clown, ſhalt quit London town,
To live in thine own country.

A ſkimming-diſh hat provide,
With little more brim than lace;
Nine hairs on a ſide, to a pig's tail ty'd,
Will ſet off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy noſe,

Then

Then frizz like a ſhock, and plaiſter thy block,
And buckle thy ſhoes at the toes.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleaſure thee ſhall ſtrive,
In a chaiſe and pair they ſhall take the air,
And thou on the box ſhalt drive.

Convert thy acres to caſh,
And ſaw thy timber down:
Who'd keep ſuch traſh, and not cut a flaſh,
To enjoy the delights of the town?

A Lovely laſs to a friar came,
To confeſs, in a morning early:
In what, my dear, are you to blame?
Come tell me now ſincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a man that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
You for that crime to Rome muſt go,
And diſcipline muſt ſuffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it muſt be ſo,
Pray ſend with me my lover.

No, no, my dear; you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt failing.
I muſt own, Sir, (but I bluſh for ſhame),
That your penance is prevailing.

AH! how ſweet it is to love!
Ah! how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove,
When firſt we feel a lover's fire!

Pains of love are ſweeter far,
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
Ev'n the tears they ſhed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their ſmart.
Lovers, when they loſe their breath,
Bleed away an eaſy death.

Love and time with rev'rence uſe,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuſe,
Which in youth ſincere they lend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like ſpring tides, full and high,
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
Each other tide has leſs ſupply,
Till they quite ſhrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear. J. DRYDEN.

COme, take your glaſs, the northern laſs
So prettily adviſ'd;
I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably ſurpris'd:
Her ſhape ſo neat, her voice ſo ſweet,
Her air and mien ſo free;
The ſyren charm'd me from my meat,
But, Take your drink, ſaid ſhe.

If from the north ſuch beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breaſt that glowing flame
No tongue can e'er reveal?
Though cold and raw the north-wind blow,
All ſummer's on her breaſt;

Her

Her ſkin was like the driven ſnow,
But ſun-ſhine all the reſt.

Her heart may ſouthern climates melt,
Though frozen now it ſeems;
That joy with pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in extremes.
Then, like our genial wine, ſhe'll charm
With love my panting breaſt;
Me like our ſun her heart ſhall warm,
Be ice to all the reſt.

Tune, *Happy hours.*

GEntle love, this hour befriend me,
To my eyes reſign thy dart;
Notes of melting muſic lend me,
To diſſolve a frozen heart.
Chill as mountain ſnow her boſom,
Though I tender language uſe;
'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen
To my arms, and to my muſe.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
Where a broken heart appears,
For thy pity interceeding,
With the eloquence of tears.
While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldneſs dies,
Death my ebbing pulſe invading,
Take my ſoul into thine eyes.

Tune, *Happy hours.*

LOve's a dream of mighty treaſure,
Which in fancy we poſſeſs;
In the folly lies the pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.

When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.
But the wretch that would be knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

He. LOve's an idle childish passion,
Only fit for girls and boys;
Marriage is a cursed fashion,
Women are but foolish toys.
Spite of all the tempting evils,
Still thy liberty maintain;
Tell e'm, tell the pretty devils,
Man alone was made to reign.

She. Empty boaster, know thy duty,
Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy;
Feel the force of love and beauty,
Tremble at my feet and die.
Wherefore does thy colour leave thee?
Why these cares upon thy brow?
Did the rebel, pride, deceive thee?
Ask him, who's the monarch now!

LOve's a gentle gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights;
When, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That falſe joy, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawleſs paſſion is vexation;
But a chaſte and conſtant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the bleſsful ſtate above.

WElcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor ſetter,
Dare to ſhew his frightful face:
But, kind Sir, as you're a ſtranger,
Down your garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your coat will be in danger;
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement.
From your children, or your wife;
Wiſdom lies in true reſignment,
Through the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt reſentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate;
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrain our bodies here,
Uſe will make a gaol delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.
Ev'ry iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Priſ'ners are as well as we.

Pray what made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?

'Twas

'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the world's ſtrong priſon-gate.
For the world is alſo bounded,
By the heav'ns and ſtars above;
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but Jove?

FRom ſweet bewitching tricks of love,
Young men, your hearts ſecure;
Leſt in the paths of ſenſe you rove,
In dotage premature.
Look at each laſs through wiſdom's glaſs,
Nor truſt the naked eye;
Gallants, beware, look ſharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a ſpinſter in the realm
But knows mankind to cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave and great.
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
T' entangle us they try.
Gallants, beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrow'd white you'll find;
Some belles, when intereſt directs,
Can even paint the mind.
Joy in diſtreſs they can expreſs,
Their very tears can lye.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made,
Was every ſingle ſtick a quill,
Each man a ſcribe by trade;
To write the tricks of half the ſex,
Would ſink in that ocean dry.

See the Anſwer, Vol. 2. p. 230.

When

WHen daiſies py'd, and violets blue,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus ſings he:
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmens clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmokes:
The cuckow then, &c.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marion's noſe looks red and raw;
Then roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
And nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot. SHAKESPEAR.

Tune, *Happy hours.*

WOman, thoughtleſs, giddy creature,
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing;
Moſt fantaſtic work of nature,
Still, like fancy, on the wing.

Slave

Slave to ev'ry changing paſſion,
Loving, hating, in extreme,
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh faſhion,
And, at beſt, a pleaſing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illuſion,
Conqu'ring weakneſs, wiſh'd-for pain,
Man's chief glory, and confuſion,
Of all vanities moſt vain.

Thus deriding beauty's power,
Beville call'd it all a cheat;
But, in leſs than half an hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet. BAKER.

AS the ſnow in valleys lying,
Phebus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the beauties, ſo the graces
Of the moſt bewitching faces,
At approaching age, decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
By the ſlaves he once controll'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by ev'ry lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholy looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move;
Soft careſſes, am'rous glances,
Melting ſighs, tranſporting trances,
Are the bleſs'd effects of love.

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, leſt age reſuming
What your youth profuſely lends,

You

You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old ſtories
To your unbelieving friends.

Tune, *A cobler there was.*

A Nymph and a ſwain to Apollo once pray'd;
The ſwain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
Their intent was to try if the oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaſte, or a ſwain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd;
But ſagely, at length, he this ſecret diſclos'd;
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,
And the nymph may be chaſte that has never been try'd.

AS Celia in her garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dream'd of harm,
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And reſted on her arm.

The curious inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting bloom;
But, with a thouſand ſweets in view,
It found a ſudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The little daring thing;
But firſt the ſnowy arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful ſting.

Once only could that ſting ſurpriſe,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the darts of Celia's eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! would the ſhort-liv'd burning ſmart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endleſs love.

Faireſt

FAireſt iſle, all iſles excelling,
Seat of pleaſures and of love,
Venus here will chuſe her dwelling,
And forſake her Cyprian grove.
Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove,
Jealouſy that pois'nous paſſion,
And deſpair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, ſweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulſes, kind diſdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove:
Ev'ry ſwain ſhall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excel in beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for love. J. DRYDEN.

I'M not one of your fops, who, to pleaſe a coy laſs,
Can lie whining and pining, and look like an aſs.
Life is dull without love, and not worth the poſſeſſing;
But fools make a curſe what was meant for a bleſſing.
While his godſhip's not rude, I'll allow him my breaſt;
But, by Jove, out he goes, ſhou'd he once break my reſt.
I can toy with a girl for an hour, to allay
The fluſter of youth, or the ferment of May;
But muſt beg her excuſe, not to bear pain or anguiſh;
For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languiſh.
BUDGELL.

MIſtaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To

To die's a leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon without a maſter:
Then only let us ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breaſt,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But if thus bleſs'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your Sherlock give;
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

THat man who, for life, is bleſs'd in a wife,
Is ſure in a happy condition:
Go things how they will, ſhe ſticks by him ſtill;
She's comforter, friend, and phyſician;
She's comforter, friend, and phyſician.

Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy,
Yet dread ſome diſaſter from beauty?
But ſweet is the bliſs of a conjugal kiſs,
Where love mingles pleaſure with duty.

One extravagant whore ſhall coſt a man more,
Than twenty good wives that are ſaving:
For wives they will ſpare, that their children may ſhare;
But whores are eternally craving.

THE man who, for life, is plagu'd with a wife,
Is ſure in a wretched condition;
Go things how they will, ſhe ſticks by him ſtill,
And death is his only phyſician.

To trifle and toy may give a man joy,
Incited by love or by beauty;

But where is the bliſs of a conjugal kiſs,
When paſſion is prompted by duty?

So the dog who poſſeſs'd a bone of the beſt,
May lick it, or leave it at pleaſure;
But if to his tail 'tis ty'd, without that
He is harraſs'd and plagu'd beyond meaſure.

WHen Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhow,
To ſet his Eurydice free.

All hell was aſtoniſh'd, a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far; but how vaſt their ſurpriſe!
When they heard that he came for his wife?

To find out a puniſhment due to the fault,
Old Pluto did puzzle his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity ſucceeding ſoon vanquiſh'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again, in reward of his art:
Such power had muſic in hell.

WHen mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,
Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
O! the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O! the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

But ſince we have learn'd from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouſts, as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaiſance.

Our

Our fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout, and ſtrong,
And kept open houſe with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this ſong.

But now we are dwindled to—what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor race, half-begotten and tame,
Who fully thoſe honours that once ſhone in fame.

When good Queen Eliſabeth ſat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea, and ſuch ſlip-ſlops, were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er ſhe did frown.

In thoſe days, if fleets did preſume on the main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again,
As witneſs the vaunting armada of Spain.

O! then they had ſtomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themſelves (right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.

To the foregoing tune.

WHen humming brown beer was the Engliſhman's (taſte,
Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaſte,
Their breath ſmelt like roſes whenever embrac'd.
O! the brown beer of Old England,
And O! the Old Engliſh brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,
Our anceſtors by their own fire-ſides ſat down;
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.

Our heroes of old, of whoſe conqueſts we boaſt,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toaſt;
O! did we ſo now, we ſhould ſoon rule the roaſt.

When the great Spaniſh fleet on our coaſt did appear,
Our ſailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
And ſent them away with a flea in their ear.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
Ere they mounted the roſtrum, their ſpirits to chear;
Then preach'd againſt vice, tho' courtiers were near.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
Well grounded on ſcripture, and fathers of old;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.

For ſince the geneva and ſtrong rataſee,
We are dwindl'd to nothing, but—ſtay, let me ſee,
Faith, nothing at all, but mere ſidle-de-dee.

Tune, *Happy hours.*

WHilſt I gaze on Chloe trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare:
When ſhe ſmiles, I fear diſſembling;
When ſhe frowns, I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival lover,
If a wand'ring look ſhe give:
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my paſſion,
Or the torments I endure?
I will diſcloſe my inclination;
Awful diſtance yields no cure.
Sure it is not in her nature,
To be cruel to a ſlave;
She is too divine a creature,
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat,
Never mounts to raging paſſion;
Love's a torment if too great.
When the ſtorm is once blown over,
Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant faithful lover
Seldom meets with true repoſe.

TO

TO hug yourſelf in perfect eaſe,
What would you wiſh for more than theſe?
A healthy clean, paternal ſeat,
Well ſhaded from the ſummer's heat.

A little parlour-ſtove, to hold
A conſtant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may ſit, and think, and ſing,
Far off from court, God bleſs the King!

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have a few friends of your own caſt,
A wife agreeable and chaſte.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
No miſer's fears, nor envy's ſpite,
To break the ſabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few tailors, and no doctors bills;
Content to take, as Heav'n ſhall pleaſe,
A longer or a ſhorter leaſe.

Tune, *Grim king of the ghoſts.*

ONE ev'ning the loveliеſt pair
That ever frequented the plain,
Bright Lydia th'all-conquering fair,
And Damon the beautiful ſwain,
Sat down in a jeſſamine-grove,
Where a murmuring rivulet ſtray'd;
When Damon, to kindle old love,
Thus gently reproached the maid.

Dam. O Lydia! while I was the he
That only was bleſs'd with your charms,
And never a ſhepherd but me
Claſp'd in that ſoft circle your arms;

Then Damon all chearful did ſing,
And his happineſs yielding to none,
Deſpis'd all the pomp of a king,
And ſlighted a glittering throne.

Lyd. Falſe Damon! the virgin reply'd,
Whilſt you true and conſtant did prove,
Conſuming whole days by my ſide,
In ſighing and talking of love;
Whilſt Phillis's beauty did yield
To mine in your delicate eye,
Then I was the pride of the field,
No queen was ſo happy as I.

Dam. Ah! name not that beautiful dame;
She has totally raviſh'd my heart;
Her charms ſet me all in a flame,
Which ſhe fans with her muſical art.
One touch of that powerful breath
Wounds a heart as it pierces an ear;
For her I would freely meet death,
Would the powers my goddeſs but ſpare.

Lyd. Alexis, the bloomingeſt youth
That treads on the flowery plains,
With innocent arts and pure truth
My heart, not unwilling, detains;
Still burning with mutual deſire,
Unbroken delights we enjoy;
Far oft'ner than once I'd expire,
To ſave the adorable boy.

Dam. But now if my heart ſhould return
To the duty it owes thee again,
Leave Phillis to ſorrow, and mourn
A conqueſt ſhe could not maintain;
If humbly thy pardon I'll crave,
And ſigh when I think on the time
I ſlighted thy love, wilt thou leave
Thy Damon to die for his crime?

Lyd.

Lyd. Ah! no: though Alexis the fair
His charms like a planet displays,
And thou art inconstant as air,
And wrathful as bellowing seas;
Yet with thee a long series of years,
Like a minute of joy, I'd consume,
And at death not lament thee with tears,
But lay myself down in thy tomb.

JA. ARBUCKLE.

Tune, *The lass that would know*, &c.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me:
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free

By passion unruffl'd, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

Those blessings which Providence kindly has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Will make me both healthy and wise.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ?
When all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SWains I scorn, who, nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning-air;
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,
Fops themselves alone caress;
Let them without rivals be,
They are not the men for me.

He, whose nervous arm can dart
The jav'lin to the tyger's heart,
From all sense of danger free,
He's the man that's made for me.

While his speed outstrips the wind,
Loosely wave his locks behind,
From fantastic fopp'ry free,
He's the man that's made for me.

Nor simp'ring smile, nor dimple sleek
Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be,
He's the man that's made for me.

If false he proves, my jav'in can
Revenge the perjury of man;
And soon another, brave as he,
Shall be found the man for me.

To the foregoing tune.

WOuldst thou know her sacred charms
Who this destin'd heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the heavens decree
The maid that's made for love and me?

Who grieves to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
That's the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad,
For peace and me can pomp resign;
That's the heart that's made for mine.

Whose

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me:
That's the maid that's made for me.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A gentle train, from falsehood free:
That's the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd, your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should love, capricious as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss,
And should she change—But can it be?
No other maid is made for me. W. HAMILTON.

He. HArk, hark, o'er the plains, how the merry (bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid,
Asleep while my charmer is laid.
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid,
My poor girl, my poor girl;
And Phillis may yet die a maid, my poor girl,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

She. 'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away;
Oh! Damon, I'm young and afraid:
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.
My dear boy, my dear boy, &c.

He. The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the (fret;
All, all, my coy Phillis upbraid:
By midnight, my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.

She.

She. Dear ſhepherd, forbear; and to-morrow, I ſwear,
To-morrow, I'll not be afraid:
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

He. No, no, Phillis, no; on thy boſom of ſnow
To night ſhall your ſhepherd be laid;
Faſt lock'd in your arms, and you yield up your charms,
Nor wiſh to live longer a maid.

She. Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,
'Twas Damon his bliſs that delay'd.
To church let us go; and if there I ſay no,
O then let me die an old maid.

Chor. Away, then, away, and to love give the day;
Ye nymphs, let example perſuade:
Let beauty be kind, when the ſwain's in the mind;
'Tis fooliſh to die an old maid.

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Diſpel thoſe gloomy ſhades of night;
My tender grief remove;
O! ſend ſome chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus in a ſecret friendly ſhade,
The penſive Celia mourn'd;
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

When ſudden Damon's well known face,
Each riſing fear diſarms;
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

The ENTERED PRENTICES *Song.*

COme, let us prepare, we brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion;
Let's drink, laugh, and ſing, our wine has a ſpring,
Here's a health to an accepted maſon.

The world is in pain our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
Till they're ſhown the light, they'll ne'er know the right
Word or ſign of an accepted maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that, they cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on, to make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Great kings, dukes, and lords, have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſtery to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd, to hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Antiquity's pride we have on our ſide,
And it maketh men juſt in their ſtation;
There's nought but what's good, to be underſtood
By a free and an accepted maſon.

We're true and ſincere, and juſt to the fair;
They'll truſt us on ev'ry occaſion:
No mortal can more the ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

Then join hand in hand, by each brother firm ſtand;
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on:
What mortal can boaſt ſo noble a toaſt,
As a free and an accepted maſon.

CHOR. No mortal can boaſt ſo noble a toaſt,
As a free and an accepted maſon.

The FELLOW CRAFTS *Song.*

Tune. *Sweet are the charms,* &c.

HAil maſonry! thou craft divine!
Glory of earth, from heav'n reveal'd!
Which doth with jewels precious ſhine,
From all but maſons eyes conceal'd
CHOR Thy praiſes due who can rehearſe,
In nervous proſe, or flowing verſe?

As men from brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A maſon other men excels;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare
But in his breaſt ſecurely dwells?
CHOR His ſilent breaſt and faithful heart
Preſerve the ſecrets of the art.

From ſcorching heat and piercing cold,
From beaſts whoſe roar the foreſt rends,
From the aſſaults of warriors bold,
The maſons art mankind defends.
CHOR. Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives ſuch aid.

Enſigns of ſtate, that feed our pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain,
By maſon true are laid aſide;
Art's freeborn ſons ſuch toys diſdain.
CHOR. Ennobled by the name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowſhip, from envy free,
Friendly converſe of brotherhood,
The lodge's laſting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly ſtood.
CHOR. A lodge thus built for ages paſt
Has laſted, and ſhall ever laſt.

Then in our ſongs be juſtice done
To thoſe who have enrich'd the art,

From

From Adam to *—— down,
And let each brother bear a part.
CHOR. Let noble masons healths go round,
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

* *Insert the grand master's name for the time.*

The DEPUTY GRAND MASTER'S *Song.*

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue your great lecture,
And refine on the rules of old architecture:
High honour to masons the craft daily brings,
To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,
Reviving the art of Augustus' fam'd age:
And Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,
Since so many now rise in ——'s mild reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
Will amaze the fixt eye, and engage the whole heart;
Proportion's sweet harmony gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

Then, master and brethren, preserve your great name,
This lodge so majestic will purchase you fame;
Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,
Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile:
To our noble grand master let a bumper be crown'd,
To all masons a bumper, so let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm union cements with a glass;
And all the contention 'mongst masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

Again let it pass to the * Prince's lov'd name, [**Wales.*
Whose glorious admission has crown'd all our fame:

May a Lewis be born, whom the world ſhall admire,
Serene as his mother, auguſt as his ſire.
CHOR. Now a Lewis is born, whom the world ſhall admire,
Serene as his mother, auguſt as his ſire.

The TREASURER'S *Song.*

GRant me, kind heaven, what I requeſt,
In maſonry let me be bleſt:
Direct me to that happy place
Where friendſhip ſmiles in ev'ry face;
Where freedom, and ſweet innocence,
Enlarge the mind, and cheer the ſenſe.

Where ſcepter'd reaſon from her throne
Surveys the lodge, and makes us one;
And harmony's delightful ſway
For ever ſheds ambroſial day;
Where we bleſt Eden's pleaſure taſte,
Whilſt balmy joys are our repaſt.

Our lodge the ſocial virtues grace,
And wiſdom's rules we fondly trace;
Whole nature open to our view,
Points out the paths we ſhould purſue.
Let us ſubſiſt in laſting peace,
And may our happineſs increaſe.

No prying eye can view us here,
No fool nor knave diſturb our cheer;
Our well-form'd laws ſet mankind free,
And give relief to miſery.
The poor, oppreſt with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

DIogenes ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,

Delighted

Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there was truth:
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Though ſome are ſo foolith to think
He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple, and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl.
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Wiſe Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Crœſus a ſlave,
Tho' a king, to his coffers of gold,
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Becauſe 'twas the cuſtom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo wiſe.
Late hours he moſt certainly lov'd;
Made wine the delight of his life,

Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable ſcold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wiſe o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miſer at home:
And, to ſhew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the laſt, we may truly aver it,
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did ſilence enjoin
On his pupils, who wiſdom would ſeek,
Becauſe that he tippled good wine,
Till himſelf was unable to ſpeak:
And when he was whimſical grown,
With ſipping his plentiful bowls,
By the ſtrength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd tranſmigration of ſouls.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine.
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine.
His belly, as moſt writers agree,
Was big as a watering trough;
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;

But had it not been for good wine,
  ...is merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
  It furniſhes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
  Philoſophers, poets, or kings. *M. S.*

THE man that is drunk is void of all care;
  He needs neither Parthian quiver nor ſpear;
The Moor's poiſon'd dart he ſcorns for to wield;
His bottle alone is his weapon and ſhield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
Demoliſhes windows, and breaks open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
And boldly defies both the proctor and devil.

As late I went out, with my ſkin full of wine,
Encumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible dun;
Affrighted, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he run.

No monſter could put you to half ſo much fear,
Should he in Apulia's foreſt appear;
In Africa's deſart there never was ſeen
A monſter ſo hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine;
O'er hot-burning ſands I will ſwelter and ſweat,
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or place me where ſun-ſhine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound;
Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle would warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutors may job me, and lay me down rules.
Who minds them but dull philoſophical fools?

For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then for to ſit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Ariſtotle an aſs for his pain;
His ſorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well ſtor'd,
And into 't I came to be drunk as a lord;
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I'll pay,
And when I am drunk, then I'll ſtagger away.

Tune, *Willy was a wanton wag.*

Willy ne'er inquire what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the ſearch, that but beſtows
The knowledge of our future woes:
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate aſſigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy preſent time in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
No more with Home the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blythe intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour:
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt you may;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then Willy be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'. W. HAMILTON.

IN ſpite of love, at length I've found
A miſtreſs that can pleaſe me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day ſhe'll eaſe me:
No jealous thoughts diſturb my mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind:
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, through all her naked charms,
Her little mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your arms,
And uſe her like a lover;
Such liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd ſenſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But, beſt of all! ſhe has no tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me:
Her ſkin is ſmooth, complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious ſmack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,

Clap

Clap your hand about her waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir:
As for her bottom never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out:
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

LEave off your foolish prating,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
But drink your glaſs, round let it paſs,
The bottle ſtands before ye.
CHOR. Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd;
Drink about, ſee it out,
Love and friendſhip ſtill go round.

If claret be a bleſſing,
This night devote to pleaſure:
Let worldly cares, and ſtate-affairs,
Be thought on at more leiſure.
CHOR. *Fill it up to the top*, &c.

If any is ſo zealous,
To be a party-minion,
Let him drink like me, we'll ſoon agree,
And be of one opinion.
CHOR. Fill your glaſs, name your laſs,
See her health go ſwiftly round;
Drink about, ſee it out,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd.

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learned without books;
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives ſogers fiercer looks.

'Tis

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falsehood it discovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things;
When, rais'd by Bacchus, we aspire
At flights above the reach of kings.

Bring in *bonum magnums* plenty,
Be each glass a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toasts gone round.

Tune, *Saw not ye my Peggy.*

COme let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus lo'es nae dwining,
Let's be blythe and free.
Away with dull *Here t'ye, Sir*;
Your mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee?

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come let's join our glasses,
And refresh our hausses
With a health to thee.

Let

Let coofs their caſh be clinking,
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we, with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lye. P. F.

WIth an honeſt old friend, and a merry old ſong,
And a ſluik of old port, let me ſit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of thoſe who repine,
That they muſt ſwig porter, whilſt I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a wretch for his lowly eſtate:
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a curſe,
Is poorneſs of ſpirit, not poorneſs in purſe.

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs, and gay,
Let's merrily paſs life's remainder away:
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may deſpiſe,
For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.
H. CAREY.

LET's be jovial, fill our glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by aſſes,
And the wiſe are ſway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a ſnare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as Crœſus,
While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roſes,
And our ſorrows quite forget;
Come, let us ſuddle all our noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,
We're carouſing o'er our bowls,

Bacchus

Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Death be gone, here's none but ſouls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away ſhall flie,
Ever after underſtanding
Drinking ſouls can never die.

COme, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure.
Fill up the mighty ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink, and ſing, without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleaſure.
And as the hours do glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure. C. COFFEY.

HEre's a health to the king, and a laſting peace,
May faction be damn'd, and diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it, while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may ſhe long
Be our firſt fair toaſt, to grace our ſong;

Off

Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around:
And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celeſtial joys are found;
And may confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs woman-hating crew:
And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
And patriots to their country leal:
But who for bribes gives Satan his ſoul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl:
And all that with ſuch rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In ſmiling Bacchus's joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleaſures to my ſoul:
Let Bacchus's health round ſwiftly move;
For Bacchus is a friend to love:
And he that doth this health deny,
Down among, &c.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toaſt,
May he in Bridewell be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a poſt.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here;
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glaſs in courſe,
May he b' oblig'd to drink ſmall beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding wife,
To confound him with her noiſe.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his miſtreſs in a bed;
Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
And me put in his ſtead.

BAcchus muſt now his power reſign,
I am the only god of wine:
It is not fit the wretch ſhould be
In competition ſet with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing elſe but wine;
Let wine its only produce be;
Let wine be earth, and air, and ſea,
And let that wine be—all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care;
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let ſtates and empires ſwim or ſink:
My ſole ambition is to drink. H. CAREY.

UPbraid me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown deſpair,
Were your indiff'rence leſs.

Love me, my dear, and you ſhall find,
When this excuſe is gone,
That all my bliſs, when Chloe's kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.

The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his brine,
Won'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain?
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown, for they're always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun too would drive with more haste,
Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast;
And when he got tipsy, would take out his nap,
With double the pleasure, in Thetis's lap.

With his face so inflam'd with the fumes of the wine,
Consider how gloriously Phebus would shine:
What vast exhalations he'd then draw on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply?

How happy were mortals, had we but such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again?
E'en the very poor beggar, who had ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What joy and contentment on ev'ry one's brow?
Hob, as great as a prince, drawing after his plow:
E'en the birds of the air, as they flew on the wing,
Although they but sipp'd, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and gambol with the fumes of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case then, what had we enjoy'd!
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd.

A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To ſlip, like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

Tune, *Auld Sir Simon the King.*

COme here's to the nymph that I love,
Away, ye vain ſorrows, away;
Far, far from my boſom be gone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.

Far hence be the ſad and the penſive;
Come fill up the glaſſes around;
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain ſorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting
With ev'ry gay blooming deſire,
My blood with briſk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleaſures my boſom inſpire.

My ſoul now to love is diſſolving;
O fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd claſp her, I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle penſive intruder,—
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
Young Cupid, here's to thy confuſion.—
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquiſh'd;
Adieu to his anxious deluſion.

Come, jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza;
Sing Io, ſing Io to Bacchus.—
Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what ſhould we do but be jovial?
Come, tune up your voices, and ſing:
What ſoul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When wine ſets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegaſus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high:
Each of us a gallant young Perſeus,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the ſky.

Come mount, or adieu, I ariſe,
In ſeas of wide æther I'm drown'd;
The clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the ſpheres whirling around.

What darkneſs, what rattling is this?
Through Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd:
And now—Oh! my head it is knock'd
Upon ſome confounded new world.

Now, now theſe dark ſhades are retiring:
See yonder bright blazes a ſtar.
Where am I?—Behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light ſtreaming from far.

COme fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noiſe;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleaſures of love,
And I find they're but nonſenſe and whimſies, by Jove.

When firſt of all Betty and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a ſaint;
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
Were hypocriſy, paint, and ſelf-intereſt, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languiſhing air,
Her outſide was orderly, modeſt, and fair;
But her ſoul was ſophiſticate, ſo was her love;
For I found ſhe was only a ſtrumpet, by Jove.

Little

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at laſt,
You know marriage and money together does beſt;
But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
Gave her gold to a ſniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys,
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noiſe:
I know few of the ſex that are worthy my love;
And for ſtrumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

SHE tells me with claret ſhe cannot agree,
And ſhe thinks of an hogſhead whene'er ſhe ſees me:
For I ſmell like a beaſt, and therefore muſt I
Reſolve to forſake her, or claret deny.

Muſt I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
And I hope will continue ſo to my life's end?
Muſt I leave it for her? 'Tis a very hard taſk.
Let her go to the devil: Come bring t'other flaſk.

Had ſhe tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an ear:
Had ſhe found out my Sally, up three pair of ſtairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to St James's to pray'rs.

Had ſhe bid me read homilies three times a-day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to ſay:
But at night to deny me my bottle of red.—
Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be ſaid.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful room,
Where none but honeſt fellows come;
Where wives loud clappers never ſound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:

What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave?

Tune, *Ring, ring the bar-bell of the world.*

VUlcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
Fix'd stars or constellations;
For I am not Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys:
Their limbs in am'rous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign;
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

HEre's to thee, my boy, my darling, my joy,
For a toper I love as my life;
Who ne'er baulks his glass, nor cries, like an ass,
To go home to his mistress or wife;

But

But heartily quaffs, ſings catches, and laughs:
All the night he looks jovial and gay;
When morning appears, then homeward he ſteers,
To ſnore out the reſt of the day.

He feels not the cares, the griefs, nor the fears,
That the ſober too often attend;
Nor knows he a loſs, diſturbance, or croſs,
Save the want of his bottle and friend. H. CAREY.

FLY, care, to the winds; thus I blow thee away;
I'll drown thee in wine, if thou dar'ſt for to ſtay;
With bumpers of claret my ſpirits I'll raiſe,
I'll laugh and I'll ſing all the reſt of my days.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his ſon,
And inſpir'd my breaſt glows with tranſports unknown;
The ſparkling liquor new vigour ſupplies,
And makes the nymph kind who before was too wiſe.

Then, dull ſober mortals, be happy as me;
Two bottles of claret will make us agree;
Will open your eyes to ſee Phillis's charms,
And, her coyneſs waſh'd down, ſhe'll fly to your arms.

PROud women, I ſcorn you, briſk wine's my delight;
I'll drink all the day, and I'll revel all night;
As great as a monarch, the moments I'll paſs,
The bottle my globe, and the ſceptre my glaſs.
The table's my throne, and the tavern my court;
The drawer's my ſubject, and drinking's my ſport.
Here's the queen of all joy, here's a miſtreſs ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all ſorrows, and life of all bliſs,
I'm a king when I hug you, much more when I kiſs.
BEN. JOHNSON.

Bacchus,

BAcchus, assist us to sing thy great glory,
Chief of the gods, we exult in thy story;
Wine's first projector,
Mankind's protector,
Patron to topers,
How do we adore thee!
Wine's first projector, &c.

Friend to the muses, and whetstone to Venus,
Herald to pleasures, when wine wou'd convene us;
Sorrow's physician,
When our condition
In worldly cares wants a cordial to screen us.
Nature she smil'd, when thy birth it was blazed;
Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were raised:
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the vine's growing,
And sober souls at our joys be amazed.

Tune, *Cupid, god of pleasing anguish.*

BAcchus, god of jovial drinking,
Keep th' enamour'd fool from thinking,
Teach him wine's great power to know:
Heroes would be lost in battle,
If not cherish'd by the bottle,
Wine does all that's great above,
Wine does all that's great below.

BE gone, old care, I prithee be gone from me;
Be gone, old care, you and I shall never agree:
Long time have you been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill;
But i'faith, old care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man look gray,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay:

Come

Come you ſhall dance, and I will ſing,
So merrily we will play;
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt things
To drive old care away.

DRunk I was laſt night, that's poz.
My wife began to ſcold;
Say what I cou'd, for my heart's blood,
Her clack ſhe would not hold.

Thus her chat ſhe did begin,
Is this your time of coming in?
The clock ſtrikes one, you'll be undone,
If thus you lead your life.

My dear, ſaid I, I can't deny,
But what you ſay is true;
I do intend my life to mend,
Pray lend's the pot to ſpew.

Fy, you ſot, I ne'er can bear
To riſe thus ev'ry night;
Though, like a beaſt, you never care
What conſequence comes by't.

The child and I may ſtarve for you;
We neither can have half our due;
With grief I find, you're ſo unkind,
In time you'll break my heart.

At that I ſmil'd, and ſaid, Dear child,
I believe you're in the wrong;
But if't ſhould be your deſtiny,
I'll ſing a merry ſong.

EVery man take a glaſs in his hand,
And drink a good health to our King;
Many years may he rule o'er this land;
May his laurels for ever freſh ſpring.

Let

Let wrangling and jangling ſtraightway ceaſe,
Let ev'ry man ſtrive for his country's peace;
Neither Tory, nor Whig,
With their parties look big.
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

'Tis not owning a whimſical name,
That proves a man loyal and juſt;
Let him fight for his country's fame,
Be impartial at home, if in truſt:
'Tis this that proves him an honeſt ſoul,
His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl.
Then let's leave off debate,
No confuſion create.
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

When a company's honeſtly met,
With intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping ſpirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day;
What madneſs is it thus to diſpute,
When neither ſide can his man confute?
When you've ſaid what you dare,
You're but juſt where you were.
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name;
Let your enemies trembling ſee,
That a Briton is always the ſame:
For our King, our church, our law, and right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and ſtraight unite;
Then who need care a fig,
Who's Tory or Whig?
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

FIll the bowl with ſtreams of pleaſure,
Such as Gallia's vintage boaſt:

Theſe

These are tides that bring our treasure;
Love and friendship be the toast.

First, our mistresses approving,
With bright beauty crown the glass:
He that is too dull for loving,
Must, in friendship, be an ass.

Pylades is with Orestes
Said to have one common soul,
But the meaning of the jest is
In the bottom of the bowl.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
Often is the truth found out,
Which wou'd cost a world of thinking;
Spare your pains, and drink about.

FUll bags, a fresh bottle, and a beautiful face,
Are the three greatest blessings poor mortals em-
(brace:
But, alas! we grow muckworms, if bags do but fill,
And a bonny gay dame often ends in a pill
Then heigh for brisk claret, whose pleasures ne'er waste;
By a bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

IF any so wise is, that sack he despises,
Let him drink his small beer, and be sober;
Whilst we drink wine, and sing as if it were spring,
He shall droop like the trees in October.

But be sure, over night, if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

And not be so silly, to follow old Lilly;
For there's nothing but wine that can tune us;

Let

Let his Ne aſſueſcas be put in his cape-caſe,
And ſing Bibito vinum jejunus.

SAve women and wine, there is nothing in life
That can bribe honeſt ſouls to endure it:
When the heart is perplex'd, and ſurrounded with care,
Dear women and wine only cure it.
Dear women, &c.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
And wiſely to purpoſe employ them:
He's a fool that refuſes ſuch bleſſings divine,
Whilſt vigour and health can enjoy them.
As women and wine, dear women and wine,
Whilſt vigour, &c.

Our wine ſhall be old, bright, and ſound my dear Jack,
To heighten our amorous fires:
Our girls plump and ſound, and ſhall kiſs with a ſmack,
And ſhall gratify all our deſires.
The bottles we'll crack, and the laſſes we'll ſmack,
And gratify, &c.

PHILEMON.

THough Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the diſtreſs'd from our door,
But ſtill of our little, a little can ſpare,
To thoſe who like us, life's infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good friends, let us go in together,
A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather;
Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but ſmall;
You're heartily welcome, and that's beſt of all.

BAUCIS.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake,
Of a jugg of good ale, and a good barley-cake;

A good rouſing fire, as high as your noſe;
And cleanly warm bed, your old limbs to repoſe.

BOTH.

We know no ambition, we have no eſtate,
Nor porter, to worry the poor from our gate;
We earn what we ſpend, and we pay as we go;
It were not amiſs, if the rich would do ſo.

WIne does wonders ev'ry day,
Makes the heavy light and gay;
Throws off all their melancholy:
Makes the wiſeſt go aſtray,
And the buſy toy and play,
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old;
Women leave their coy diſdaining,
Who till then were ſhy and cold;
Makes a niggard ſlight his gold,
And the ſoppiſh entertaining.

O Let us ſwim in blood of grapes,
The richeſt of the city,
And ſolemnize upon our knees
A health to noble Betty.

The muſes, with the milk of queens,
Have fed this comely creature,
That ſhe's become a princely dame,
A miracle of nature.
O let us, &c.

The graces all, both great and ſmall,
Were not by half ſo pretty:
The Queen of love, that reigns above,
Could not compare with Betty.

Had David ſeen this lovely one,
No ſin he had committed;
He had not lain with Bathſheba,
Nor ſlain the valiant Hittite.

Had Solomon, Heaven's minion,
View'd her perfections over,
Then Sheba's Queen reject'd had been,
Though clad with gold of Ophir.

The Dons of Spain, could they obtain
This magazine of pleaſure,
They'd never go to Mexico,
For all its Indian treaſure.

The Chriſtian King would dance and ſing,
To have her at his pleaſure,
And would confine great Mazarine
Within the banks of Tiber.

The Turk, for all his great empire,
Would proſtrate him before her,
He would lay down his golden crown,
And goddeſs like adore her.

Her eyes are full of majeſty,
None but a prince can own her,
She's fitted for an emperor,
A diadem muſt crown her.
O let us, &c.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year;
And theſe three plagues are enough I ſhould think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggl'd, and ſtruggl'd, and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain:
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets;
And my miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then, ſhall I fall to my loving and drinking again.

PAle faces, ſtand by,
And our bright ones adore;
We look like our wine,
You worſe than our ſcore.

Come, light up your pimples,
All art we outſhine;
When the plump god doth paint,
Each ſtreak is divine.

Clean glaſſes are pencils,
Old claret is oil;
He that ſits for his picture,
Muſt ſit a good while.

BLyth, blyth, blyth was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe but and ben;
And well ſhe loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.

She took me in, and ſet me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that ſhe was,
She gar'd me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But, waes my heart, my caſh was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.

When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the nieſt chappin new begun,
In ſtarted, to heez up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toaſted brown;
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum;
And ay the cleaneſt drinker out
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.

I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
I hae been far beyond the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

Tune, *Dainty Davy.*

BY drinking drive dull care away,
Be briſk and airy,
Never vary,
In your tempers, but be gay.
Let mirth know no ceſſation:
We all were born, mankind agree,
From dull reflection to be free;
But he that drinks not, cannot be:
Then anſwer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
Then all our whining,
Wiſhing, ſtriving,
To embrace what beauty yields,

Is left when in poſſeſſion ;
But Bacchus ſends ſuch treaſure forth,
Poſſeſſion never palls its worth ;
We always wiſh'd for 't from our birth,
And ſhall for ever wiſh on.

All malice here is flung aſide,
Each takes his glaſs,
No healths do paſs,
Nor party-feuds here e'er abide,
They nought but ill occaſion :
We only meet to celebrate
The day which brought us to this ſtate ;
But not to curſe, nor yet to hate,
The hour of our creation.

ZEno, Plato, Ariſtotle,
All were lovers of the bottle ;
Poets, painters, and muſicians,
Churchmen, lawyers, and phyſicians,
All admire a pretty laſs,
All require a chearful glaſs.
Ev'ry pleaſure has its ſeaſon,
Love and drinking are no treaſon.
All admire, &c.

AS Granville's ſoft numbers tune Mira's juſt praiſe,
And Chloe ſhines lovely in Prior's ſweet lays,
Would Daphne but ſmile, their example I'd follow,
And as ſhe looks like Venus, I'd ſing like Apollo.
But, alas! when no ſmiles from my fair one inſpire,
How languid's my ſtrain, and how tuneleſs my lyre?

Ye zephyrs ſalute, in ſoft accents, her ear,
And tell how I languiſh, ſigh, pine, and deſpair ;
In gentleſt murmurs my paſſion commend,
But whiſper it ſoftly, for fear you offend.

For ſure, O ye winds! ye may tell her my pain;
'Tis Strephon's to ſuffer, and not to complain.

Where-ever I go, or whatever I do,
Still ſomething preſents the dear nymph to my view;
If I traverſe the garden, the garden ſtill ſhows
Her neck in the lily, her lip in the roſe:
But with her neither lily nor roſe can compare;
Her lips are more ſweet, and her boſom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguiſh, I ſteal to the grove,
The ſpring there preſents the fair bloom of my love;
The nightingale too, with impertinent noiſe,
Pours forth her ſoft ſtrains in my Syren's ſweet voice.
Thus the grove, and its muſic, her image ſtill brings;
For like ſpring ſhe looks fair, like the nightingale ſings.

If, forſaking the grove, I fly to the court,
Where beauty and ſplendor united reſort,
Some glimpſe of my fair in each charmer I ſpy,
In Richmond's fair form, or in Brudenell's bright eye.
But, alas! what would Richmond or Brudenell appear?
Unheeded they'd paſs, were my Daphne but there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell o'er a Horace, or Ovid's ſoft ſtrain,
In Lyd'a or Chloe my Daphne I find,
But Chloe was courteous, and Lyd'a was kind.
Like Lyd'a or Chloe won'd Daphne but prove,
Like Horace and Ovid I'd ſing, and I'd love.

HAppy hours, all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crouds and noiſe;
Happy is that ſilent dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing joys.
Happy that contented creature,
Who with reaſon things is pleas'd,

And

And conſults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as reaſon turns the ſcale;
Ev'ry ſtate of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.
Happy man who thus poſſeſſes
Life, with ſome companion dear;
Joy imparted ſtill increaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

With early horn, ſalute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries, bid echo riſe,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chryſtal floods,
All return th' enliv'ning ſound.

Tune, *Come and liſten to my ditty.*

As near to Porto-bello lying,
On the gently-ſwelling flood,
At midnight, with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon ſat, all glorious
From the Spaniards late defeat,
And his crews, with thouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to Britain's fleet:

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard:
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks ſhrowded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,

And

And with looks by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands were ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal ſtory!
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place, where I was loſt;
Though, in Porto-bello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping,
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:
Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
Who were once my ſailors bold,
Lo each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal fate is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To reduce the pride of Spain.

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done

What

What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fall'n, my country crying,
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

HOſier! with indignant ſorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale;
And, if Heav'n permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet ſhall ſail:
O'er theſe hoſtile waves, wide roaming,
We will urge our bold deſign,
With the blood of thouſands foaming,
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee:
Thy diſaſt'rous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,

And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships descending,
Through the flood, in firm array,
To the destin'd city bending,
My lov'd sailors work'd their way:
Straight the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haste his batter'd walls,
And, in accents undissembling,
As he flies for mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder!
At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall, ere long, by Britain's thunder,
Smoking in the dust be laid:
Thou, and these pale spectres, sweeping
Restless o'er this wat'ry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War shall be my constant care:
And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England sham'd in thee.

Tune, *My apron, deary.*

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure my love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?
O what had my youth, &c.

Through

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O! give me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor ſhepherd, Amynta no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?

Tune, *Pinky-houſe.*

WHat blooming youth, falſe-hearted fair,
Gay favourite of to-day,
Has all thy ſun-ſhine to his ſhare,
And baſks him in the ray?
Be who he will, he ſoon ſhall mourn
The fate of luckleſs love,
And call for vengeance in his turn
From ev'ry pow'r above.

What though, to each fair failing blind,
He dreams thee all his own,
Thee ever faithful, ever kind,
Nor dreads the coming frown:
But ſoon the ſkies will overcaſt,
And ſtormy ſurges ſwell:
Caprice ariſe, diſtruſt, diſtaſte,
And all the lovers hell.

I too once, tempted with the wind,
Imbark'd upon the main;
But ſaw my danger, chang'd my mind,
And wiſh'd me back again.

Some

Some god ſure ſnatch'd me from my fate,
And ſet me ſafe on ſhore,
Where pleas'd I hear the billows beat,
And diſtant tempeſts rore.

WIll you go and marry, Kitty?
Can you think to take a man?
'Tis a pitty one ſo pretty
Should not do the thing they can.
You, a charming lovely creature,
Wherefore would you lie alone?
Beauty's of a fading nature,
Has a ſeaſon to be gone.

Therefore while you're blooming, Kitty,
Liſten to a loving ſwain.
Take example by fair Betty,
Once the darling of the men;
Who, with coy and fickle nature,
Trifled off till ſhe's grown old,
Now ſhe's left by every creature;
Let not this of thee be told.

But, my dear and lovely Kitty,
This one thing I have to tell,
I could wiſh no man to get you,
Save it were my very ſel.
Take me, Kitty, at my offer,
Or be-had, and I'll take you:
We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Marry, Kitty, then we'll woo.

Many words are needleſs, Kitty,
You do want, and ſo do I;
If you would a man ſhould get you,
Then I can that want ſupply:
Say then, Kitty, ſay you'll take me,
As the very choice of men,

Never

Never after to forſake me,
And the prieſt ſhall ſay Amen.

Then, O! then, my charming Kitty,
When we're marry'd, what comes then?
Then no other man can get you,
But you'll be my very ain:
Then we'll kiſs and clap at pleaſure,
Nor be troubled at envy;
If once I had my lovely treaſure,
Let the reſt admire and die.

BEauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, ſinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes at Malo.
Spending faſter than it comes,
Beating bawds, whores, and duns,
Bacchus' true-begotten ſons,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Sometimes nought but claret drinking,
Then, like politicians, thinking
How to raiſe the fund when ſinking,
Live the rakes at Malo.
Sometimes flush of money ſtore,
Then like any poet poor,
Kiſſing queans and then a whore,
Live the rakes at Malo.

When at home with daddy dining,
Still for Malo's waters whining,
When good claret is declining,
Live the rakes at Malo.
Living ſhort but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Keeping miſſes and no wives,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Racking tenants, ſtewards teazing,
Swiftly ſpending, ſlowly raiſing,
Wiſhing to ſpend all their days in
Raking thus at Malo.
Then, to end a rakiſh life,
They grow ſober, take a wife,
Ever after live in ſtrife
With their wives at Malo.

WHen Sylvia ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
She charms with melody divine;
But if a melting air ſhe ſings,
In conſort all the muſes join.

The youthful, wanton, little loves
Around the beauteous charmer fly;
And ev'ry way the virgin moves,
She makes us love, and bids us die.

The graces preſs about the fair,
Where youth and blooming glories reign;
And while her voice employs the ear,
Her eyes provoke an am'rous pain.

How ſhall I mitigate my woes?
O! where enjoy the wiſh'd redreſs?
A ſtranger to all ſoft repoſe,
Where charms and muſic both oppreſs.

With her in ſymphony we go,
We ſoar when ſhrill ſhe riſes high,
And, to ſoft cadence ſinking low,
Intent the faculties apply.

Italian ſongs are wont to pleaſe,
Though ſenſeleſs words join harmony;
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both ſenſe and muſic meet in thee.

DUMBLOTON.

Tune,

Tune, *Paſt twelve o'clock.*

WHen innocent paſtime our pleaſures did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving, and bonny was ſhe ?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee :
O ! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a linwhite give Annie the ſpleen ?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee ?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from thoſe een,
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me ?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me :
O ! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah ! ſhould a new manteau or Flanders lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, though never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetful, and let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me ;
O ! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at thoſe beniſons promis'd to me ?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me ;
O ! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O ! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,

Ere ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

WHen trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee,
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burn-ſide,
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſie, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they ſaid!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be more fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And naething ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a wa'k ſae ſweet;

And

And that they aften would return,
Sic pleaſure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay ſhall follow you.

AS gentle turtle-dove
By cooing ſhews deſire,
As ivys oak do love,
And twining round aſpire:
So I my Betty love,
So I my Betty woo,
I coo as cooes the dove,
And twine as ivys do.

Her kiſs is ſweet as ſpring,
Like June her boſom's warm;
The autumn ne'er did bring,
By half ſo ſweet a charm.
As living fountains do
Their favours ne'er repent,
So Betty's bleſſings grow
The more, the more they're lent.

Leave kindred and friends, ſweet lady,
Leave kindred and friends for me;
Aſſured thy ſervant is ſteddy
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune,
May fly, by chance, as they came;
They're grounds the deſtinies ſport on,
But virtue is ever the ſame.

Although my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my dear.
And ſhould life's ſorrows embitter
The pleaſure we promiſe our loves,

To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my love in my arms!
By thee to be graſped! and kiſſed!
And live on thy heaven of charms!
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Should fortune capricious prove;
Though death ſhould tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love. J. MITCHELL.

SHould auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thouſand Cupids play;
Whilſt through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoftly while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But, ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And, in a vacant rainy day,
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air
And ſigns of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
Next day, with glad conſent and haſte,
They 'proach'd the ſacred ſhrine,
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

Tune, *The laſs of Livingſton.*

PAin'd with her ſlighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear,
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear;
They heard the praiſes of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung, and thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſs'd days! when our ingenuous ſex, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex, but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair, wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care, or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving ſwain, yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain, to own my flame?
Why

Why took I pleaſure to torment, and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring, own your deſire;
While love's young power, with his ſoft wing, fans up (the fire.
Oh! do not with a ſilly pride, or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride, but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime, with flowing (eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time, with ſweet ſurpriſe.
Some god had led him to the grove, his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love, I am reveng'd.

BY ſmooth winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! mann I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtronger;
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are no longer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as Aurora, (row;
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good mor-
The ſward of the mead, enamell'd with daiſies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But, if ſhe appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is Hay's bonny laſſie.

Tune,

Tune, *John Anderſon my jo.*

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breaſt or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your ſlave I'll ſcorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed ſigh, nor ſmiling frown,
Can ſatisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play ſuch pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at leaſt I will have thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind;
If true, I'll conſtant be:
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as ſoon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do ſtand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my hand.
Diſpenſe with your auſterity,
Inconſtancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown;
And, in his ſafe retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care and bus'neſs free,
At once baith good and great.

No drums diſturb his morning-ſleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts e'er heap
Vexation on his mind:
No trumpets rouſe him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, nor threats can dare,
From ſtate intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year
Induſtrious he improves with care,
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the ſilvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirits to regale:
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows;
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys;
Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard:

He's

He's fond to feel the Zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſned his tender trees;
And, for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds in blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight:
But O how pleaſant is this life!
Bleſs'd with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling void of ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

WIlly was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carry'd ay the gree awa:
His doublet was of Zetland ſhag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law;
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For, after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When he the hand he led them a',

And

And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been?
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willy's ſhanks are fair,
And I am come to fil his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs like Willy ye advance;
O! Willy has a wanton leg:
For we't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

Tune, *The gallant ſhoemaker.*

YOung Philander woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh, and forbad him;
I wadna tent his loving ſang,
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him.
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying;
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be
Like ſummer-fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.
Juſt when ripe conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Though but my ſel nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my hope, he's gane a-ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
And let na coyneſs prove your ruin:
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuitors will give over wooing.

Then maiden auld you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:

A puniſhment, and hated brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us ſae well
Thoſe very rocks that did o'erthrow you;
And we your leſſon ſae ſhall mind,
That e'en tho' a' our kin had ſwore it,
Ere we ſhall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our ſails,
And ſtill keep out our flag and pinnet:
If young Philander anes aſſails
To ſtorm love's fort, then he ſhall win it:
We may indeed, for modeſty,
Preſent our forces for reſiſtance:
But we ſhall quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his aſſiſtance.

Tune, *Woe's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

SPeak on, ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Thoſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder.
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,

Shall

Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell,
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heav'n, while ſolemnly I vow,
Though thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Tune, *Tweed-ſide.*

WHen hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſave't for thy ſake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in theſe arms.
Whilſt thou was a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin-deep
Muſt fade like the gowans of May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

Tune, *O'er the hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties use their art,
And range both Indias for their dress;
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine;
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustre more divine
When freed of ev'ry foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
May use the aids of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
Features of ruder form and taint.
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dress may lovers cool;
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, silk, or wool.
T'adore Myrtilla, who can cease?
Her active charms our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua from the fleece,
Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who can behold Calista's eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
And mind what artists can devise,
To rival more superior charms?

Compar'd

Compar'd with thoſe the diamond's dull,
Lawns, ſattins, and the velvet fade;
The ſoul, with her attractions full,
Can never be by theſe betray'd.

Sapphira, all o'er native ſweets,
Not the falſe glare of dreſs regards,
Her wit her character completes,
Her ſmile her lovers ſighs rewards.
When ſuch firſt beauties lead the way,
Th' inferior rank will follow ſoon;
Then arts no longer ſhall decay,
But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces ſhall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love,
And bleſs the labour of our looms:
We have enough, nor want from them
But trifles hardly worth our care;
Yet for theſe trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to ſpare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters ſhall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recal:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miſs a court; but ſoon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the ſcenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to ſenſe,
And lazy pride to uſeful arts,
When ſuch dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bleſs'd guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,
Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.

FIE! 'Liza, scorn the little arts
Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
Unless they still refuse:
Are coy and shy, will seem to frown,
To raise our passion higher;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
Or stop you know not why;
Your blushes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die:
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be croft;
Ah! 'Liza, when the joys are known,
You'll curse the minutes lost.

Tune, *Charming Sally*.

OF all the trades from east to west,
The cobler's past contending;
He's like in time to prove the best,
Who ev'ry day is mending.
How great his praise who can amend
The soals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours. CH. COFFEY.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Crummy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My

My Cromy is an uſeful cow;
And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Aft has ſhe wat the bairns mou',
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne:
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift fou hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end.
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now 'tis ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this mony a year:
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His hoſe they coſt but half a crown;
Yet ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and lown.
He was the King that wore the crown,
And thou a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the world is a' gane daft,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe?
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty year
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:

Now

Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you'd prove a good huſband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife,
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can;
And, to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft man yield, though I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

Tune, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary ſay, How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay, why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break, if thou ſhould leave me:
I'll live and die for thy ſake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay, has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that's griev'd (thee?
My conſtant love ne'er ſhall ſtray, thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth, what can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſoothe? this breaſt ſhall receive (thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay, never deceive thee;
Delight ſhall drive pain away, pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, how ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad, I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly? why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will break, if I ſhould leave thee.

THE

THE carle he came o'er the craft,
And his beard new ſhaven,
He look'd at me as he'd been daft,
The carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa' I winna hae him;
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
For a' his beard's new ſhaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my curtchea nooked,
I wor't a wee upon my breaſt;
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked:
And ſae may his: I winna hae him;
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
Ane twice a bairn's a laſs's jeſt,
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane,
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But, wae's me for him! ſkin and bane
Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa' I winna hae him;
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
What ſignifies his dirty riggs
And caſh, without a man wi' them?

But ſhould my cankard daddy gar
Me tak him, 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
That antlers dinna claim their ſtation.
Howt awa' I winna hae him,
Na forſooth I winna hae him;
I'm ſteed to crak the haly band,
Sae lawty ſays I ſhould na hae him.

JOcky ſaid to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good,

For

For my tocher good I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn, and a byre,
A ſtack afore the door, I'll mak a rantin fire,
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry ſall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny ſaid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
If ye'll be the lad, I's be the laſs myſel;
For ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

MY ſweeteſt May, let love incline thee,
T'accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it:
'Tis proof o' ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are?
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That when in pools I ſee thee clean them,
They carry away my heart between them;
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes dumin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain!
Though kith and kin ſhould a' revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks leſt they ſhould wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaily,
And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O my dear laſſie! it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin;
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay Yes! and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O Saw ye Johny cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye Johny cumin;
O ſaw ye Johny cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye Johny cumin;
O ſaw ye Johny cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye Johny cumin;
Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
And his dogie rinnin, quo' ſhe,
And his dogie rinnin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, father, fee him.
O fee him father, &c.
For he is a gallant lad, and a well-doin, quo' ſhe,
And a 'the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him, quo' ſhe,
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
What will I do wi' him?
He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa coats into my kiſt,
And ane of them I'll gie him:
And for a merk of mair fee,
Dinna ſtand wi' him, quo' ſhe,
Dinna ſtand wi' him.

For well do I loe him, quo' ſhe, well do I loe him;
For well do I loe him, quo' ſhe, well do I loe him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, fee him, fee him:

He'll

He'll had the plough, thraſh in the barn,
And crack with me at e'en, quo' ſhe,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

WHat beauteous ſcenes inchant my ſight!
How cloſely yonder vine
Does round the elm's ſupporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine?
That elm, no more a barren ſhade,
Is with her cluſters crown'd;
And that ſame vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.
Had crept, &c.

Let this, my fair, incline thy heart
Connubial joys to prove;
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtleſs ruſh on love.
Know thy own joy, and bleſs to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms.

While ſome with ſhort-liv'd paſſion glow,
His love remains the ſame;
On him alone thy heart beſtow,
And crown his conſtant flame.
So ſhall no froſt's untimely pow'r
Deform thy blooming ſpring;
So ſhall thy trees, from blaſts ſecure,
Their wonted tribute bring, *&c.*

COL. BE ſtill O ye winds, and attentive ye ſwains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my ſtrains.
The ſun never roſe on, ſearch all the world through,
A ſhepherd ſo bleſs'd, or a fair-one ſo true.

PH.

PA. Glide ſofily, ye ſtreams; ye nymphs, round me throng;
'Tis Colin commands, and enlivens my ſong.
Search all the world over, you never will find
A maiden ſo bleſs'd, or a ſhepherd ſo kind.

COL. When Phebe is with me, the ſeaſons are gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleaſant as May;
The ſummer's gay verdure ſtill ſprings as ſhe treads,
And linnets and nightingales ſing through the meads.

PH. When Colin is abſent, 'tis winter all round;
How faint is the ſun-ſhine, how barren the ground?
Inſtead of the linnet or nightingale's ſong,
I hear the hoarſe croaking of frogs all day long.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love ſhall be by;
Her Colin ſhall guard her ſafe all the day long,
Which Phebe at night will repay with a ſong.

PH. By moon-light, when ſhadows glide over the plain,
His kiſſes ſhall chear me, his arm ſhall ſuſtain:
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or ſleep in a church-yard, if Colin is there.

COL. Ye ſhepherds, that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your tranſport, how laſting your pain?
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy from Phebe and me.

PH. Ye nymphs, who the pleaſures of love never try'd,
Attend to my ſtrains, and let me be your guide:
Your hearts keep from pride and inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

CHORUS.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſure it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Adds joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

TEll me, lovely ſhepherd, where
At noon thou feed'ſt thy fleecy care;
Direct me to the ſweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
Leſt by thy flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way.
Where reſt at noon thy bleating care?
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where.

Is it near the fountain's brink,
Where thy tender lambkins drink?
Or is it near the purling glade,
Beneath the oſiers duſky ſhade,
As they nimbly ſkip and bound,
On the green-beſpangl'd ground?
Where they ſtray I cannot think;
Tell me, dear one, where they drink.

Early ere the day did dawn,
Have I tript it o'er the lawn:
Thus, o'erwhelm'd with grief, I rove
To ſeek thy flock, and find my love,
In ev'ry vale, on hill, and plain;
But, alas! I ſeek in vain:
Reward my toil, and eaſe my care,
Tell me, charming ſhepherd, where.

FAireſt of the virgin throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy ſwain's abode?
See yon fertile vale, along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod.
Purſue the prints their feet have made,
And they ſhall guide thee to the ſhade.

HAſte my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waſte;
Haſte,

Haſte, my rain-deer, ſtill, ſtill, thou art too ſlow;
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread,
Soon will the ſun withdraw his chearful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

The watry length of theſe unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewel.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires:
Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair;
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

But, lo! with graceful motion there ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave,
The crouding waves tranſported claſp her limbs:
When, when, O when ſhall I ſuch freedoms have!

In vain, ye envious ſtreams, ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze;
From ev'ry touch ye more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

SOon as the day begins to waſte,
Straight to the well-known door I haſte,
And, rapping there, I'm forc'd to ſtay,
While Molly hides her work with care,
Adjuſts her tucker and her hair,
And nimble Beckie ſcours away.

Ent'ring, I see in Molly's eyes
A sudden smiling joy arise,
As quickly check'd by virgin shame:
She drops a curt'sy, steals a glance,
Receives a kiss, one step advance.
If such I love, am I to blame?

I sit, and talk of twenty things,
Of South-sea stock, or death of kings,
While only Yes or No cries Molly;
As cautious she conceals her thoughts,
As others do their private faults;
Is this her prudence, or her folly?

Parting, I kiss her lip and cheek,
I hang about her snowy neck,
And say, Farewel, my dearest Molly:
Yet still I hang, and still I kiss.
Ye learned sages, say, is this
In me th' effect of love, or folly?

No; both by sober reason move,
She prudence shews, and I true love,
No charge of folly can be laid:
Then, till the marriage-rites proclaim'd
Shall join our hands, let us be nam'd
The constant swain, and virtuous maid.

Tune, *Logan water.*

MY Chloe is the snow-drop fair,
Curling endive is her hair,
The fragrant jes'mine is her breath,
White kidney-beans her even teeth,
Two daisies are her shining eyes,
Her breasts like swelling mushrooms rise,
Her waist the tall and upright fir;
But, ah! her heart is cucumber.

Blow,

BLow, ye bleak winds, around my head,
And ſoothe my heart's corroding care;
Flaſh round my brows, ye lightning red,
And blaſt the laurels planted there:
But may the maid, where-e'er ſhe be,
Think not of my diſtreſs nor me.

Let all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind,
May from her breaſt my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind.
But may the maid, where-e'er ſhe be, &c.

O! may I ne'er behold her more,
For ſhe has robb'd my ſoul of reſt;
Wiſdom's aſſiſtance is too poor,
To calm the tempeſt in my breaſt.

Come, death, O! come, thou friendly ſleep,
And with my ſorrows lay me low;
And ſhould the gentle virgin weep,
Nor ſharp nor laſting be her woe.

YE ſwains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me:
Though ſmall experience I've had,
I'll give you good counſel and free.

The women are changeable things,
And ſeldom a moment the ſame;
As time a variety brings,
Their looks new humours proclaim.

But who in his love would ſucceed,
And his miſtreſs's favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his creed,
To make hay while the ſun is ſerene.

There's a ſeaſon to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay:

To catch the occaſion take care ;
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll eſſay.

Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all things here below,
With a paſſion far more great
Than e'er creature loved yet :
And yet ſtill you cry, Forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the miſer leave his ore ;
Bid the wretched ſigh no more ;
Bid the old be young again ;
Bid the nun not think on man :
Sylvia, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate ;
What makes me love, makes you to hate :
Sylvia, then do what you will ;
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill ;
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.

Tune, *Leith wynd.*

MY Celia's neck, more white than ſnow,
With tranſport I deſcry ;
Eternal ſun-ſhine on her brow,
And pleaſure in her eye.
What though ſhe yields in charms of face
To part of womenkind ?
Her's is the ſoul's attractive grace,
And beauty of the mind.

Let others feaſt their raviſh'd ſight
On charms that ſoon decay ;

Poor

Poor empty phantom of delight,
And pageant of a day!
From her the virtues heav'nly train!
Their influence mild dispense;
While, willing, I embrace the chain,
A captive to good sense.

Let idiots, sunk below mankind,
Their bliss in beauty place,
Preferring, by dark error blind,
A Venus to a Grace.
But me the good, the chaste, yet kind,
Wound more than beauty's dart;
Unbiass'd rectitude of mind,
And honesty of heart.

Thus, while in Hymen's sacred bands,
By charms of person led,
The vulgar join their plighted hands,
Of two one flesh is made.
But us one common wish shall bound,
One mutual fear controul,
And of two hearts the string shall sound
An unison of soul.

TO beauty compar'd pale gold I despise,
No diamonds can sparkle like Celia's bright eyes;
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass,
With far greater rapture I view my fine lass;
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms;
But its value I own,
And I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
And lay by your terrible glances;

We

We live in an age that's more civil and wife,
Than to follow the rules of romances.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow not long time for courting;
And you'll find it a very hard taſk to hold out,
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen. DORSET.

COme, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wint'ry ſtorms are gone,
And gentle radiance glads the ſky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and muſic all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we ſee!

Come, let us mark the gradual ſpring,
How peep the buds, the bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the roſe.
Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming day:
For ſoon, too ſoon, it will be night.
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms*, &c.

FLorella, firſt in charms and wit,
In whoſe inchanting ſpeaking eyes
All the bright ſoul's perfections ſit,
And ſuch reſiſtleſs magic lies:
O! can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppoſe your Damon inſincere?

To all the circles of the fair,
That grace the court, the ball, the play,

Let

Let my love-doubting nymph repair,
And ev'ry ſhining form ſurvey;
And, if ſhe meets her equal there,
Conclude her Damon inſincere.

Or, if my fair ſhould chance to paſs,
What art for beauty's uſe deſign'd,
The bright, unſully'd, faithful glaſs,
Itſelf an emblem of her mind;
Let her behold her image there,
And own I can't be inſincere.

Let her ſurvey the roſy bloom
O'er all the lovely face confeſt,
And let her ſparkling eyes aſſume
The charms that rob my ſoul of reſt;
And then, to bleſs my raviſh'd ear,
Confeſs I can't be inſincere.

Tune, *Tweed-ſide.*

BEhold the ſweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plain can be found,
So lovely as Celia is fair.
Ye warblers, come raiſe your ſweet throats,
No longer in ſilence remain;
O ſend a fond lover your notes,
To ſoften my Celia's diſdain.

Oft-times, in a flowery vale,
I breathe my complaint in a ſong;
Fair Flora attends my ſoft tale,
And ſweetens the border along.
But Celia, whoſe breath might perfume
The boſom of Flora in May,
She frowning pronounces my doom,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

Come,

COme, Roſalind, O! come and ſee
What pleaſures are in ſtore for thee;
The flowers in all their ſweets appear,
The fields their gayeſt beauties wear.

The joyful birds in ev'ry grove
Do warble out their notes of love:
For thee they ſing, the roſes bloom,
And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Roſalind, and Colin join,
My tender flocks and all are thine:
If love and Roſalind be here,
'Tis May and pleaſure all the year.

Come ſee a cottage and a ſwain;
Thou can't my love nor gifts diſdain:
Leave all behind, no longer ſtay,
For Colin calls thee, haſte away.

AH! Colin, could I think that you
To Roſalind would prove but true:
'Tis hard for maidens to believe,
Young men ſo prone are to deceive.

The warblers do their muſic yield
On ev'ry buſh, in ev'ry field:
But while their muſic does me charm,
Colin perhaps may ſeek my harm.

If Roſalind ſhould Colin take,
And he his vows of love forſake,
After he has my favour won,
Poor Roſalind is then undone.

Thy love and gifts I will revere,
If Colin's love is but ſincere;
Thy Roſalind will not delay,
But to her Colin haſte away.

Tune,

Tune, *Happy hours.*

FReedom is a real treasure,
Love a dream, all false and vain;
Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the pain.
A sincere and tender passion
Some ill planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is inclination!
Fate and women doat on fools. WOLSLEY.

HOW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau?
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know.
Such, such is the life of a beau,
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter, and stare.

For nothing, at night, to the play-house they croud;
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud,
But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball;
And for nothing, at cards a fair partner they call;
For they still must be beasted who've nothing at all.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear, (fear;
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to
They nothing are no where, who nothing are here.

KIndness hath resistless charms,
All besides can weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlave grow pleas'd and vain.

LOvely charmer, deareſt creature,
Kind invader of my heart;
Grac'd with ev'ry gift of nature;
Grac'd with ev'ry help of art.
Oh! could I but make thee love me,
As thy charms my heart has mov'd,
None could e'er be bleſs'd above me;
None could e'er be more belov'd. MOTTEUX.

THat all men are beggars we plainly may ſee,
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
Though none are ſo bleſs'd or ſo happy as we,
Which no body can deny, deny,
Which no body can deny.

The tradeſman he begs that his wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe that the price is not high;
Swears 'tis at prime coſt, but he tells you a lye,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee, (plea,
Though he reads not your brief, nor regards he your
But adviſes your foe how to get a decree.

The courtier he begs for a penſion or place,
A title, a ribband, or ſmile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.

But if by miſhap he ſhould chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe the whole nation's undone;
There's but one honeſt man, and himſelf is that one.

The

The fair-one ſhe labours whole mornings at home,
New charms to create, and much paint to conſume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languiſhing eye
Still begs he would ſtay, for a maid ſhe can't die.

THat the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born we're put in, when dead we're drawn (out;
And though tickets are bought by the fool and the wiſe,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
Sing tantara rara, fools all, fools all,
Sing tantara rara, fools all.

The court has itſelf a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank before one draws a place.
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks!
For that wheel contains ſcarce any but blanks.
Sing tantara rara, keep out, &c.

'Mongſt doctors and lawyers ſome good ones are found,
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thouſand pound.
How ſcarce is the prize, if with women you deal?
Take care how you marry—far Oh! in that wheel,
Sing tantara rara, blanks all, &c.

That the ſtage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten plays are damn'd ere one can ſucceed;
The blanks are ſo many, the prizes ſo few,
We all are undone, unleſs kindly you
Sing tantara rara, clap all, &c.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Kitty's face,
Honey upon her cheek ſhe laid,
And bid me kiſs the place.

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both ſweet and ſmart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The ſting within my heart.

WHen love and youth cannot make way,
Nor with the fair avail,
To bend to Cupid's gentle ſway
What art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, Strephon, a receipt
Of a moſt ſov'reign pow'r;
If you the ſtubborn would defeat,
Let drop a golden ſhow'r.

This method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardleſs Danae's love,
Or conquer her diſdain.

By Cupid's ſelf I have been told,
He never wounds a heart
So deep, as when he tips with gold
The fatal piercing dart.

WHen here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How briſk the nymphs, the ſwains how gay?
Content inſpir'd each rural lay:
The birds in livelier concert ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail,
Among the ſweets of Arno's vale.

But now, ſince good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of ſhepherds and the pride,

Now

Now Arno's ſons muſt all give place
To northern ſwains, an iron race:
All taſte of pleaſure now is o'er,
Thy notes, Lucinda, pleaſe no more:
The muſes droop, the Goths prevail:
Adieu! the ſweets of Arno's vale.

THE new-flown birds, the ſhepherds ſing,
And welcome in the May;
Come, Paſtorella, now the ſpring
Makes ev'ry landſkip gay:
Wide-ſpreading trees their leafy ſhade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in reflecting fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taſte the ſeaſon in its prime,
And bleſs the riſing year:
O! how my ſoul grows ſick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear.
Then ſhall I paſs the gladeſome day,
Warm in thy beauty's ſhine,
When thy dear flock ſhall ſport and play,
And intermix with mine.

For thee of doves a milk-white pair
In ſilken bands I hold,
For thee a firſtling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold.
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkins pleaſe,
My ſpotleſs heart, without deceit,
Be offer'd up with theſe.

IN vain the force of female charms,
In vain their offer'd love;

Their ſmile, their air, nor all their charms,
My paſſion can remove:
For all that's fair and good I find
In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Let Celia all her wit diſplay,
That glitters while it kills;
My heart diſdains the feeble ray,
Nor light nor heat it feels:
For all that's bright and gay I find
In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Fair Flavia ſhines in gems of gold,
And uſes all her arts;
Not richeſt chains my heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Thoſe notes, ſweet Myra, now give o'er,
That once had pow'r to wound;
When Chloe ſpeaks they are no more,
But mix with common ſound:
All grace, all harmony I find
In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

SWeet day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The bridal of the earth and ſky,
The dew ſhall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, with all thy ſweets muſt die.

Sweet roſe, ſo fragrant and ſo brave,
Dazzling the raſh beholder's eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, with all thy ſweets, muſt die.

Sweet ſpring, full of ſweet days and roſes,
A box, where ſweets compacted lie,
Not long ere all thy fragrant poſies,
With all their ſweets, muſt fade and die.

Sweet

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love,
To thee no period is assign'd;
Thy tender joys by time improve,
In death itself the most refin'd.

Tune, *If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.*

WHen, betimes in the morn, to the fields we repair,
There to range where the game may be seated,
At the sound of the horn, all disturbance and care
Fly away at the noise, as defeated.
When the hounds give the cry, care and strife then does fly,
Having nothing at all to oppose it;
Away goes the fox to his holes in the rocks,
As the lawyers and statesmen their closet.

When the game breaks away, then we call up the hounds,
And raise up a hallo to chear them;
So the echo, that then through the woods does resound,
Rejoices their hearts that do hear them:
Then Jingler doth roar, hearing Jowler before,
Rare music make Sweet-lips and Maily;
The musical noise makes the huntsmen rejoice,
And the squat makes the pack for to rally.

When, casting about, we find her anew,
Then we call up the hounds that are straying;
Coming up with a shout, we give them a view,
While we're able to keep her a-playing.
And when she grows weak, and her life is at stake,
And we're able to make her a seizure,
'Tis then at our will, to save, or to kill,
Then home we return at our leisure.

And when we come home, we get as good cheer
As our kind loving dames can provide us;
We drink and carouse with strong ale and beer,
Having nothing at all to divide us.

We riſe in a ring, we dance and we ſing,
We've enough of our own, need not borrow :
Can the court of a king yield a pleaſanter thing ?
We're to-day juſt as we'll be to-morrow.

YE madcaps of England, who merry would make,
And ſpend all your fortune for jollity's ſake,
Come over to Flanders, and there you ſhall ſee
How merry we'll make, how jovial we'll be.
Sing tantara rara, boys drink, boys drink,
Sing tantara rara, boys drink.

If you are a citizen broke by miſchance,
And would by your courage your credit advance,
'Tis needleſs to take any thought for your lives,
Providing you leave a good friend by your wives.
Sing tantara rara, boys drink, &c.

And when that ye come to your enemies land,
Where hens, geeſe, and turkies ye have at command,
There take 'em and have 'em, or let 'em alone,
You muſt go and catch 'em, or elſe you'll get none.
Sing tantara rara, make ſhift, &c.

And then if ye come to your enemies walls,
Where many a gallant young gentleman falls,
If ye die, when ye've done the beſt that ye can,
The captain rewards ye, There dies a brave man.
Sing, tantara rara, that's all, &c.

And if you ſhould loſe but an arm or a leg,
The officer gives you his paſs for to beg ;
Although that he promiſe you ſome better pay,
Yet that never happens, no not till doom's day.
Sing tantara rara, long time, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Jeſſy my own.*

SInce, my fair one, you aſk me, what life I would chuſe,
I prithee diſtruſt not the truth of my muſe;
Though I tell you in rhime, yet believe me ſincere,
I'll ſpeak in plain terms, have the patience to hear.

To thy ſelf, thy dear ſelf, are my wiſhes confin'd;
I ſigh for your perſon, but doat on your mind:
So eaſy your conduct, your wit and your air,
'Tis the meaneſt perfection you have, that you're fair.

I'd repine not at fortune, abounding or ſmall,
Since without thee is nothing, and with thee is all:
For a needful ſupport ne'ertheleſs I would move;
'Tis hard for a lady to live upon love.

To the town, with content, I would ſoon bid adieu;
Since I find all politeneſs is center'd in you:
To ſome quiet retirement we both would repair,
Your joy my ambition, your pleaſure my care.

Thus, my angel, our lives would roll gently away,
And love be the buſineſs alone of the day.
One article more will complete my deſign,
That this may be your wiſh as much as 'tis mine.

Tune, *Why heaves my fond boſom,* &c.

MY Colin did aſk me, what life I would chuſe?
(To anſwer his queſtions I will not refuſe),
If to live in the country, or town be my choice?
If ſolitude pleaſes, or hurry and noiſe? —
Whate'er pleaſes Colin, muſt always pleaſe me;
With him I am happy where-ever I be:
The amuſement in town with my Colin I'll ſhare;
The country delights me if Colin is there.

The country, my charmer, the country I love;
But then, my Eliza, the country will prove

Diſtaſteful

Diſtaſteful to Colin, if you are not there,
His pleaſures to heighten, and in them to ſhare.
Will then my Eliza go chearfully down
With me to the country, and leave the gay town?
And will the dear creature, to pleaſe her fond ſwain,
Give up her aſſemblies, and balls, without pain?

Though once an aſſembly could give me delight,
Though once I was fond of a ball every night;
Yet now theſe amuſements inſipid muſt prove,
And yield to the pleaſures of friendſhip and love.
In theſe thy Eliza true happineſs finds,
A happineſs form'd on an union of minds.
Then with my dear Colin I'll chearfully go,
And give up the town with its nonſenſe and ſhow.

Thy chearful compliance, my charmer, my wife,
Has giv'n thy fond Colin new ſpirit and life.
I never knew happineſs till I knew thee:——
Is wedlock a bondage?—I would not be free.
In my dear Eliza I'm perfectly bleſt,
And nothing from henceforth my peace can moleſt:
Ev'n friendſhip, the beſt of all bleſſings in life,
Ev'n friendſhip itſelf I enjoy in a wife.

Tune. *She roſe and loot me in.*

TRanſporting charmer of my heart,
Dear cauſe of all my joy,
Whoſe image fixed in my breaſt,
Does all my thoughts employ!
Though length'ning plains between us ſtretch,
Vaſt mountains 'twixt us riſe,
Spite of all diſtance, mighty love
Preſents thee to my eyes,

Whene'er I take my ſilent walk
Along the lonely glade,

Kind

Kind fancy to my raptur'd thoughts
  Preſents my charming maid
When from the mountain's tow'ring height
  Wide-opening ſcenes I view,
Hills, woods, and lawns my eyes ſurvey,
  My ſoul ſees only you.

SUmmer's heat the town invades,
  All repair to cooling ſhades:
How inviting, how delighting,
Are the hills and flow'ry meads?

Here where lovely Hampſtead ſtands,
And the neighbouring vale commands,
What ſurpriſing proſpects riſing?
All around adorn the lands.

Here ever woody mounts ariſe,
There verdant lawns delight our eyes;
Where Thames wanders in meanders,
Lofty domes approach the ſkies.

Here are grottos, purling ſtreams,
And ſhades defying Titan's beams,
Roſy bowers, fragrant flowers,
Lovers wiſhes, poets themes.

Of the cryſtal bubbling well,
Life and ſtrength the current ſwell:
Health and pleaſure, heavenly treaſure,
Smiling here, united dwell.

Here, nymphs and ſwains, indulge your hearts,
Share the joys our ſcene imparts;
Here be ſtrangers to all dangers,
All but thoſe of Cupid's darts.

Tune,

Tune, *Charming month of May.*

O What joys the country yields!
Charming joys the country yields,
When wild roſes make ſweet poſies,
And new verdure decks the fields.

O! how pleaſant 'tis to view,
Wondrous pleaſant 'tis to view
Freſh Aurora vie with Flora,
And the cowſlips ſhine with dew!

How delightful 'tis to hear!
O! delightful 'tis to hear,
Blackbirds ſinging, and woods ringing,
While ſweet Zephyrs fan the air!

O! how pleaſing 'tis to praiſe,
More than pleaſing 'tis to praiſe,
In green bowers, crown'd with flowers,
Chloe in unſtudy'd lays!

But how charming 'tis to ſpy?
More than charming 'tis to ſpy,
When purſuing love, ſweet ruin,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye!

She. AND canſt thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native ſhore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

He. Yes, I muſt leave my Nancy,
To humble haughty Spain;
Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

She. Amidſt the foaming billows,
Where thund'ring cannons rore,
You'll think on theſe green willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on ſhore.

He.

He. I fear no land nor water,
I fear no ſword nor fire;
For ſweet revenge and ſlaughter
Are all that I deſire.

She. May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire, and ſteel;
And may no fears affect thee,
Like thoſe which now I feel.

He. I leave to Heaven's protection
My life, my only dear!
You have my ſole affection,
So ſtill conclude me here.

OH! where will you hurry, my deareſt,
Say, ſay to what clime or what ſhore?
Will you tear him from me the ſincereſt,
That ever lov'd mortal before?

Ah! cruel hard-hearted to preſs him,
And force the dear youth from my arms;
Reſtore him, that I may careſs him,
And ſhield him from future alarms.

In vain you inſult and deride me,
And make but a ſcoff at my woes;
You ne'er from my dear ſhall divide me,
I'll follow where-e'er he goes.

Think not of the mercileſs ocean
My ſoul any terror can have;
For ſoon as the ſhip makes its motion,
So ſoon ſhall the ſea be my grave.

GO, roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace,
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love?

There,

There, Phenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd,
With envy and deſpair:
One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with envy, I with love. J. Gay.

Muſic has power to melt the ſoul,
By beauty nature's ſway'd;
Each can the univerſe controul,
Without the other's aid.

But here together both appear,
And force united try;
Muſic inchants the liſt'ning ear,
And beauty charms the eye.

What cruelty theſe pow'rs to join,
Theſe tranſports who can bear?
Oh! let the ſound be leſs divine,
Or look the nymph leſs fair.

Colin, one day, in angry mood,
Becauſe Myrtilla, whom he lov'd,
Laugh'd at his flame, and mock'd his ſighs,
Thus fervently to Jove applies:
O Jove! thou ſov'reign god above,
Who know'ſt the pains of ſlighted love,
Hear a poor mortal's pray'r, and take
All the whole ſex, for pity's ſake;
And then we men might live at eaſe,
Secure of happineſs and peace.

Jove kindly heard, he pray'd not twice,
And took the women in a trice.

When

When Colin ſaw the coaſt was clear,
For not a ſingle girl was there,
Reflecting with himſelf, 'Twas kind,
Says he, to gratify my mind:
But now my paſſion's o'er, O Jove!
Give me Myrtilla back, my love!
Let me with her on earth be bleſs'd,
And keep in heaven all the reſt.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain,
The liſt'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Like thee ſhe play'd, like thee ſhe ſung.

For while ſhe ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breaſt was all on fire;
And when ſhe join'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away!

But had ſhe added ſtill to theſe
Thy ſofter chaſter power to pleaſe,
Thy beauteous air of ſprightly youth,
Thy native ſmiles of artleſs truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath diſdain,
She ne'er had play'd and ſung in vain,
Deſpair her ſoul had ne'er poſſeſs'd
To daſh on rocks the tender breaſt.

When Fanny, blooming fair, firſt met my raviſh'd (ſight;
Caught with her ſhape and air, I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd, admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd, ſhe ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes young ſmiling loves appear;
There Cupid baſking lies, his ſhafts are hoarded there:

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd with colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs the lucky hand of Jove,
Her features all expreſs the beauteous queen of love.
What flames my nerves invade, when I behold the breaſt
Of that too lovely maid riſe, ſuing to be preſt!

Venus round Fanny's waiſt hath her own ceſtus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd, who ſport the circle round:
How happy will he be who ſhall her zone unlooſe?
That bliſs to all but me may heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

BRitons, to arms yourſelves prepare,
Honour and glory call to war.
Britons, to arms yourſelves prepare, &c.
Renowned ſons of ancient fame,
Do not your noble courage ſtain,
Nor ſubmit tamely to proud Spain.
O rare Britain!

You, who reign maſters of the ſeas,
Shake off inglorious ſloth and eaſe;
Exert yourſelves with force and might,
And ſhew that Britons yet can fight,
And do your injur'd nation right.

Hark! how the trumpet to arms doth ſound,
Where there's nothing but blood and wounds;
Drums a-beating, colours flying,
Cannons roaring, men a-dying:
Theſe are the noble effects of war.

Diſplay your colours, mount your guns,
Batter their caſtles and their towns:
And let your thund'ring cannons roar,
Till they the wonted peace reſtore,
And the proud dons inſult no more.

Then

Then why ſhould we be daunted at all,
For to obey our general's call;
Fighting for our church and laws,
Dying in ſo juſt a cauſe?
Theſe are the noble effects of war. *O rare*, &c.

I Have vented my griefs on the ground,
And lov'd my Myrtilla in vain;
Whilſt attentive the deer ſtood around,
To hear wretched Damon complain:
The blackbird in mourning ſat by,
And tears from the poplar did flow,
The winds in compaſſion did ſigh,
Kind echo repeated my woe.

Would Myrtilla but patiently hear,
What the logic of nature would prove,
She would learn from the blackbird and deer
To pity, becauſe I'm in love.
But ſhe ſcorns me, and flies to the plain,
Pleas'd only with bleating of ſheep,
She regards them much more than her ſwain;
Thus Damon, poor Damon, muſt weep.

Sure the gods have employ'd all their art
To make her ſo fatally fair,
And have plac'd in her breaſt an hard heart
To charm, then to make me deſpair:
But to wiſh her leſs fair, were a ſin;
O Venus! then pity my moan,
Make Myrtilla's heart tender as mine,
Or Damon's as hard as her own.

YE gentle gales, that fan the air,
And wanton in the ſhady grove,
Go whiſper to my abſent fair,
My ſecret pain, and endleſs love:

And, in the ſultry heat of day,
When ſhe does ſeek ſome cool retreat,
Throw ſpicy odours in her way,
And ſcatter roſes at her feet:
That when ſhe ſees their colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that inſtruct the charming maid,
That ſweets not timely gather'd die.

And when ſhe lays her down to reſt,
Let ſome propitious viſion ſhow,
And tell who loves Camilla beſt,
And what for her I'd undergo.

Tune, *Colin's complaint.*

ON the banks of the ſweet-flowing Tay
A ſhepherd deſponding reclin'd;
Poor Damon, alas! he did ſay,
You may die now, ſince Delia's unkind:
When I liv'd in her favour before,
Fair peace did my moments employ;
She has left me, and what have I more
That can give either pleaſure or joy?

Ah! how could I think the fair maid
Would deign to ſo humble a ſwain,
When ſo many gay ſhepherds invade,
And follow her over the plain?
My flock's all the treaſure I have,
And a ſmall one, with others compar'd:
I was pleas'd with what Providence gave,
And its favour moſt thankfully ſhar'd.

But ſince Delia deſerted the vale,
My ſheep all neglected do ſtray,
And my pipe, that enliven'd the dale,
I have thrown as quite uſeleſs away.

Ye

Ye warblers that tune the ſoft ſtrain,
And chant it along every bough,
I pray you your muſic reſtrain,
I've no taſte for your melody now.

My bleaters, your paſture forego,
And ſoothe my complaint with your cries;
And ye breezes that gently do blow,
Indulge a reply to my ſighs;
And, Delia, oh! hear my laſt wiſh,
While I breathe, it muſt center in you;
A more opulent ſwain you may bleſs,
But you never can find one more true.

Tune, *Tweed-ſide.*

IN Richmond's cool grottos, reclin'd
On a verdant ſoft moſſy bed;
Who would to a court be confin'd,
When ſuch bliſs is poſſeſs'd in the ſhade?
The Thames that flows ſmoothly along,
A witneſs to lovers ſad pains,
Inſpires their amorous ſong,
And echoes in rills to their ſtrains.

Sweet warble the lark and the thruſh,
In every field and each grove;
The nightingale too from each buſh
Replies to the ſoft cooing dove.
The Zephyrs, that play 'midſt the trees,
Spread a genial fragrance around,
And refreſh, with a ſweet cooling breeze,
The flow'rs that enamel the ground.

The ruſtic, polite, and refin'd,
All nature's vaſt pleaſures in view;
New graces ſtill riſe to the mind,
And tranſports each hour renew.

Were mortals their ſtations to chuſe,
In lieu of their paradiſe loſt,
Each retreat but this they'd refuſe,
And find it as bleſs'd as the firſt.

BAlow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be ſilent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full ſad;
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, ſleep a while,
And when thou wak'ſt then ſweetly ſmile;
But ſmile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid:
For in thine eye his look I ſee,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his ſugar'd words to move,
His tempting face and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Farewell, farewell, thou falſeſt youth,
That ever kiſs'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courteſy;
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuſe, and care not how.

I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
To yield thee all a maiden durſt;

Thou

Thou ſwore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promiſe nought.

I wiſh I were a maid again,
From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain;
For now, unto my grief, I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witneſs my babe lies in my arms.

I take my fate from bad to worſe,
That I muſt needs be now a nurſe,
And lull my young ſon on my lap,
From me, ſweet orphan, take the pap:
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliſs exil'd.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee;
Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For, too ſoon truſting, lateſt finds
With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me:
But now, perhaps, thy curſe and mine
Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.

But curſe not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee:
Perhaps at death, for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven and hell,
By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.

I wiſh

I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair;
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

WHen Phebus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and silver streams,
O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora Queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sell,
In Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun good morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my describing,

With

With rooms ſae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving:
Men paſſing by, do aften cry,
In ſooth it hath nae marrow;
It ſtands as ſweet on Leader ſide,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lifts to ride,
They'll hear the mavis ſinging;
Into St Leonard's banks ſhe'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging:
The lintwhite loud and progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St Leonard's banks they ſing,
As ſweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wings ſhe ſporteth;
But vows ſhe'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel reſorteth:
By break of day, the lark can ſay,
I'll bid you a good morrow,
I'll ſtreek my wing, and mounting ſing
O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantan-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The Eaſt and Weſtern Mainſes,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corn are good in Blainſhes;
Where aits are fine, and ſald by kind,
That if ye ſearch all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-Mill bog, and Whiteſlade Shaws,
The fearful hare ſhe hunteth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodſheil ſhe knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth:
Yet when ſhe irks, to Kaiddy birks,
She rins and ſighs for ſorrow.

That

That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet Leader haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What ſweeter muſic wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying.
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can ſhe borrow
In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman or Hag's,
And ſighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her:
O'er dub and dike, o'er ſcuph and ſyke,
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till fail'd, ſhe fa's in Leader haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erſlington, and Cowden-knows,
Where Homes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader ſtanding:
The birds that flees throw Reedpath trees,
And Gledſwood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing, ſweet Leader haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minſtrel Burn cannot aſſuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blythe fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader ſide,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

As I came in by Tivot-ſide,
And by the braes of Brankſome,
There firſt I ſaw my bonny bride,
Young, ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown;
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſs'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:
Nae ſilken hoſe, with gooſhets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg, forbad to ſhine,
Well-ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;
Even theſe o'er mickle;—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing:
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burney trotted;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doated.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And but deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt,
I graſp'd this fund of bliſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, Without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I coudna want her;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I ſhould grant her.

Since

Since Heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

ASsiſt me all ye tuneful bards,
O! lend me all your ſkill,
In choiceſt lays, that I may praiſe
Sweet Nanny of the hill,
Dear Nanny, ſweet Nanny, dear Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glittering beam of morn,
That gilds the cryſtal rill?
But far more bright than morning light,
Shines Nanny of the hill.
Dear Nanny, ſhines Nanny, &c.

The gayeſt flowers, ſo fair of late,
The evening-damps will kill;
But every day, more freſh and gay,
Blooms Nanny of the hill.
Dear Nanny, blooms Nanny, &c.

Old time arreſts his rapid flight,
And keeps his motion ſtill,
Reſolv'd to ſpare a face ſo fair,
As Nanny's of the hill.
Dear Nanny, fair Nanny, &c.

To form my charmer, nature has
United all her ſkill;
Wit, beauty, truth, and roſy youth,
Deck Nanny of the hill.
Dear Nanny, deck Nanny, &c.

And now, around the feſtive board,
Your jovial bumpers fill,
Each take his glaſs to my dear laſs,
Sweet Nanny of the hill.
Dear Nanny, ſweet Nanny, &c.

YOU

LAST Saturday morning, on Lauchlin's town-green,
I met a ſweet pretty virtuous young creature ;
Oh, her eyes they dim'd the ſight of my ſplended light!
Oh, ſhe's the very ornament of nature!

O Molly my jewel, thou art the fewel
That ſets my little heart on fire :
Thou'rt like the blooming flow'r that's ſpringing every hour;
The whole world does thee admire.

Have you not ſeen my love of late,
Like Titus in his glory ?
I will to you her fate relate
In a moſt doleful ſtory.

With pen of gold, and ſilver leaf,
Moſt ſincerely do I befriend her ;
And while I am in this belief,
O there's none dares diſcommend her.

They ſay your friends will be the means
In counſelling for to delay you ;
That is to ſay, ſome better chance ;
But fortune may deceive you.

But ſince you are ſo free in the telling of me,
You have not a mind to marry ;
Why, I'll e'en be ſo free, as to be telling of thee,
I care not how long you tarry.

But ſince you hate my low eſtate,
May all bad luck go with you ;
I never once more ſhall darken your door,
To ſhow how much I love you.

Oh, they will be ſaying, now, that womens loves
Are like the turtle-doves :
Oh ! oh ! they're more like the bloſſom that hangs on the tree ;
For each blaſt of wind will be after altering their minds,
And throwing the looſe leaves about, as you may plainly ſee.

COME learn by this, ye batchelors,
Who lead unſettled lives,
When once you come to ſerious thoughts,
There's nothing like good wives.

Come learn by this, ye maidens fair,
Say I adviſe you well;
You are better in a huſband's arms,
Than leading apes in hell.

A batchelor's a cormorant,
A batchelor's a drone;
He eats and drinks at all mens coſt,
But ſeldom at his own.

Old maids and fuſty batchelors
At marriage rail and low'r;
So when the fox cou'dn't reach the grapes,
He cried they all were ſour.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Laugh and love and ſing with me;
Cupid is my theme of ſtory,
'Tis his godſhip's fame and glory;
Ever bending to his law, ha! ha!——ha!

O'er the grave and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his ſhare of play:
He makes heroes quit their glory;
He's the god moſt fam'd in ſtory:
Bending then unto his law, ha! ha!——ha!

Sly the urchin deals in darts,
Without pity piercing hearts:
Cupid triumphs over paſſions,
Not regarding modes or faſhions.
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law, ha! ha!——ha!

You may doubt theſe things are true;
But they're facts, 'twixt me and you.

Then

Then, young men and maids, be wary,
How ye meet before you marry;
Cupid's will is ſolely law, ha! ha!——ha!

I Ha'e laid a herring in ſa't;
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' mat,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will ſoon be a cow;
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e a pig will ſoon be a ſow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a houſe on yonder muir;
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three ſparrows may dance upon the floor;
And I cannot come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a ben;
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg;
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbock upon my ſhelf;
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
I downa eat it a' myſelf,
And I winna come ony mair to woo.

I Bought my woman and my wife half a pund of tow,
I think 'twill ſerve them a' their life to ſpin as faſt's they dow:
I thought it had been ended when ſcarce it was begun;
And I believe my wife ſall end her life and leave the tow unſpun.

I looked to my yarn knagg, and it grew never mair ;
I looked to my meal kift, my heart grew wond'rous fair :
I looked to my four-milk boat, and it wad never four ;
For they fupped at and flaiked at, and never fpan an hour.

But if your wife and my wife were in a boat thegither,
And yon honeft man's wife were in to fteer the rither ;
And if the boat were bottomlefs, and feven mile to row,
I think my wife wou'd ne'er come back to fpin her pound of tow.

But if e'er I be a widower, as I hope foon to be,
I fhall never ha'e anither wife till I ken what fhe can do.
O fhe maun card, and fhe maun fpin, and milk baith cow and ewe,
And fkutch and clove and heckle lint, and fpin a pound of tow.

YE Monfieurs of France, and ye Dons of proud Spain,
Take heed, or you'll get a good drubbing again ;
We often have beat you moft foundly of yore, (more.
And, my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat you once
Encore, encore, encore, encore! (more,
And, my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat you once

Our foldiers and failors are equally free,
To face you by land, or to face you by fea ;
And fhou'd you be tempted to brave Britain's fhore,
My word for't, they'll meet you, and beat you once more,
Encore, encore, &c.

Our fhips are ftill built of the fame Britifh oak ;
And fince Britifh hearts you are leagu'd to provoke,
You'll find them the fame that you've oft done before ;
For they pant but to meet you, and beat you once more,
Encore, encore, &c.

No true fon of Neptune will flinch from his gun,
No bold fon of Mars will you ever fee run ;

In

In purſe little rich, tho' in ſpirit not poor;
They wiſh but to meet you, and beat you once more,
Encore, encore, &c.

The dollars of Spain, too, are neat pretty things,
And will furniſh our ſweethearts with ribbons and rings;
Nay, ſtake but, ye Frenchmen, one ſmall Louis-d'or,
E'en for that we will fight you, and beat you once more,
Encore, encore, &c.

'Tis freedom, bleſt freedom, that points all our darts,
That nerves all our hands, and that ſteels all our hearts:
For that we wou'd die a thouſand times o'er,
Wer't not better to live and to beat you once more,
Encore, encore, &c.

From George to uſurp the command of the main,
Believe me, falſe Bourbon, the effort is vain;
Your madneſs deſert, and his goodneſs implore,
Leſt we beat you ſtill worſe than we e'er did before,
Encore, encore, &c.

O What a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets ſounding, drums a-beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleaſure are we ſpying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the ſmoky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the French and Dutchmen falling,
Juſt like ſparrows as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop;
While the muſkets prittle prattle:
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded;
O what a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleaſant joke of all,
Is when to cloſe attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, puſhing, maiming, cutting;
Horſe and foot,
All go to't;
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Then to plunder:
Blood and thunder,
O what a charming thing's a battle!

O What a charming thing is feaſting!
Boiling, baking, roaſting, baſting;
Claſh, cliſh, claſh, the pewter rattling,
Every one impatient waiting.
With what pleaſure are we ſpying,
While the table-cloth is ſpread!
Firſt the waiter brings up bread,
Then ſome ſalad, beef, and muſtard,
Fowls and Turkeys, geeſe and cuſtard,
Mutton, veal, and bacon rare,
Hares with puddings in their bellies,
Cheeſe-cakes, ice-creams, tarts and jellies.
How all ſtare,
And prepare!
Some their knives and forks are whetting,
Some the ſoups and gravies taſting;
Others ſtarving,
Fall to carving.
O what a charming thing is feaſting!

But the pleaſant joke of all
Is when we firſt to eating fall;
Almoſt like wild tygers cramming,
Juſt as if we'd known a famine:
Gnawing, tearing,
Stuffing, cramming,
Choak'd with thirſt,
Like to burſt,

While

Poor empty phantom of delight,
And pageant of a day!
From her the virtues, heav'nly train,
Their influence mild diſpenſe;
While, willing, I embrace the chain,
A captive to good ſenſe.

Let idiots, ſunk below mankind,
Their bliſs in beauty place,
Preferring, by dark error blind,
A Venus to a Grace.
But me the good, the chaſte, yet kind,
Wound more than beauty's dart;
Unbiaſs'd rectitude of mind,
And honeſty of heart.

Thus, while in Hymen's ſacred bands,
By charms of perſon led,
The vulgar join their plighted hands,
Of two one fleſh is made.
But us one common wiſh ſhall bound,
One mutual fear controul,
And of two hearts the ſtring ſhall ſound
An uniſon of ſoul.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, Suppoſe my fond eyes
Reveal with what ardor they glow.
Well, what if they do? there's no harm, ſure, ſhe cries;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe I ſhou'd aſk of thoſe lips a ſweet kiſs,
Say, wou'd you the favour beſtow?
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, what a queſtion is this?
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe, not contented, I ſtill aſk for more,
For pleaſure from pleaſure will grow!
Suppoſe what you will, ſhe reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know.

Come

Come then, my dear love, to the woods let's repair,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go:
No, no, with a bluſh, anſwer'd Phillis; for there
I cou'd not deny you, you know.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wint'ry ſtorms are gone,
And gentle radiance glads the ſky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and muſic all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we ſee!

Come, let us mark the gradual ſpring,
How peep the buds, the bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the roſe.
Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming day:
For ſoon, too ſoon, it will be night.
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms*, &c.

FLorella, firſt in charms and wit,
In whoſe enchanting ſpeaking eyes
All the bright ſoul's perfections ſit,
And ſuch reſiſtleſs magic lies:
O! can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppoſe your Damon inſincere?

To all the circles of the fair,
That grace the court, the ball, the play,

Let

While the landlord, no time wasting,
Liquor giving.
Zounds, what living!
O what a charming thing is feasting!

FOrever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

I'VE heard a lilting at our ewes milking,
Lasses a' lilting before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbin,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, at the glomin, nae swankies are roaming
'Mongst stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits dreary lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the forest that are a wede away.

At

At har'ſt, at the ſhearing, nae younkers are jeering,
The ban'ſters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh, for ance, by guile gat the day;
The flower of the foreſt, that ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away

YE ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield.
His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his grace,
A-hunting continually go:
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With, Hark forward, huzza! tallyho.

The lawyer will riſe with the firſt of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the commons full ſpeed:
The patriot is thrown in purſuit of his game;
The poet too often lies low,
Who, mounted on Pegaſus, flies after fame,
With, Hark forward, huzza! tallyho.

While, fearleſs, o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep,
Tho' prudes on our paſtime may frown;
How oft do they modeſty's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus public, or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhew,

All

All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With, Hark forward, huzza! tallyho.

ON a day, alack the day!
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom, paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find,
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
Wou'd that I might triumph ſo!
But, alas! my hand is ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet;
Do not call it ſin in me,
If I am forſworn for thee.

Thou for whom ev'n Jove wou'd ſwear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

I Sat on a bank by the ſide of a river,
I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever;
But while I ſat penſively ſighing and mourning,
Ah, who ſhou'd I ſee but my Jamie returning!

I ſtraight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round him,
Still charming, ſtill kind, and ſtill conſtant I found him;
With ardour he preſs'd me, ah! who cou'd oppoſe him?
While thus I reveal'd the warm wiſh of my boſom.

"O ſtay, my dear Jamie, thy follies give over,
No more leave theſe plains, be no longer a rover;

No more ſeek for glory, where cannons loud rattle,
Nor leave my fond arms for the ſound of a battle.

For peace in a cottage, and paſtoral pleaſure,
Where love trips with joy in ſome frolickſome meaſure,
Believe me, my Jamie, are far more enticing, (prizing."
Than war's empty pomp, which you've always been

My Jamie ſmil'd ſweetly; the linnets and thruſhes,
Who chanted their ſongs from the jeſſamine buſhes;
The groves and the plains were ſo gay, ſo inviting,
They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He ſaid he wou'd love me, and never wou'd leave me,
He gave me his hand that he ne'er wou'd deceive me;
He ſwore he'd no more ſhow his foes his reſentment,
But live with his Annie in rural contentment.

THE night was ſtill, the air ſerene,
Fann'd by a ſouthern breeze;
The glimm'ring moon might juſt be ſeen,
Reflecting through the trees.

The bubbling water's conſtant courſe,
From off th' adjacent hill,
Was mournful echo's laſt reſource,
All nature was ſo ſtill.

The conſtant ſhepherd fought this ſhade,
By ſorrow ſore oppreſs'd;
Cloſe by a fountain's margin laid,
His pain he thus expreſs'd:

Ah, wretched youth! why didſt thou love,
Or hope to meet ſucceſs;
Or think the fair wou'd conſtant prove,
Thy blooming hopes to bleſs?

Find me the roſe on barren ſands;
The lily 'midſt the rocks;

The

The grape in wild deserted lands;
A wolf to guard the flocks.

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,
And will more easy find,
Than meet with aught but cold disdain
In faithless womankind.

Riches alone now win the fair,
Merit they quite despise;
The constant lover, through despair,
Because not wealthy, dies.

AS on a vernal ev'ning fair,
Damon and Celia, happy pair,
Sat on a flow'ry bank inclin'd;
Beneath a fragrant myrtle shade,
While their young offspring round 'em play'd,
Thus ravish'd Damon op'd his mind.

Oh! what happy state is this,
My Celia! what a heav'n of bliss
Does love, pure, lawful love, supply?
Whether I turn my look on thee,
Or yonder infant charmers see;
Still views of joy salute my eye.

Life's highest blessings all are mine,
And doubly so by being thine,
Dear crown of all that I enjoy.
No anxious, guilty thoughts I find,
To discompose my peace of mind;
Pure love yields sweets without alloy.

I draw no ruin'd virgin's tear,
No injur'd parent's curse I hear;
I dread no violated laws,
I lose no honour, waste no wealth,
With no diseases wound my health,
Foul, as the shameful crime, their cause.

Our

Our holy union Heav'n approves,
And ſmiles indulgent on our loves,
As our unnumber'd bleſſings ſhow:
Oh! let our virtue then improve,
Let us ſecure more bliſs above;
For more we cannot wiſh below.

AT dead of night, when care gives place,
In other breaſts, to ſoft repoſe,
My throbbing heart feels no receſs,
Since love and Chloris are my foes.

At morn, when Phebus from the eaſt
Repels the gloomy ſhades of night,
The grief that racks my tortur'd breaſt
Redoubles at th' approach of light.

At noon, when moſt intenſe he ſhines,
My ſorrows more intenſe are grown;
At ev'ning, when the ſun declines,
They ſet not with the ſetting ſun.

To my relief then haſten, death,
And eaſe me of my reſtleſs woes:
With joy I will reſign my breath,
Since love and Chloris are my foes.

OF all the toaſts that Britain boaſts,
The gim, the gent, the jolly,
The brown, the fair, the debonair,
There's none cry'd up like Polly;
Sh'as fir'd the town, has quite cut down
The opera of Rolli;
Go where you will, the ſubject ſtill
Is pretty, pretty Polly.

There's Madam Fauſtina Catſo,
And eke Madam Cuſoni,

Likewiſe

Likewiſe Signior Seneſino,
Are tutte abandonni.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
Are now but farce and folly!
We're raviſh'd all with toll, loll, loll,
And pretty, pretty Polly.

The ſons of Bays, in lyric plays,
Sound forth her fame in print o,
And as we paſs, in frame and glaſs
We ſee her metzotinto:
In Ivy-lane, the city-ſtrain
Is more on ſtrait-lac'd Dolly;
And all the bright's at Man's and White's
Of nothing talk but Polly.

Ah! Johnny Gay, thy lucky play
Has made the critics grinn-a;
They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But let them laugh that winn-a:
I ſwear parbleu, 'tis nait and new;
Ill-nature is but folly.
Thou'ſt lent a hitch to rent of Rich,
And ſet up Madam Polly.

Ah! tuneful fair, beware, beware,
Nor toy with ſtar and garter;
Fine cloaths may hide a foul inſide,
And you may catch a Tartar:
If powder'd fop blow up your ſhop,
'Twill make you melancholy,
Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
Alas! alas! poor Polly.

BLab not what you ought to ſmother;
Honour's laws ſhould ſacred be:
Boaſting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inſpir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
Ere I'd truſt my reputation
With ſuch fools as kiſs and tell.

He who finds a hidden treaſure,
Never ſhould the fame reveal:
He whom beauty crowns with pleaſure,
Cautious ſhould his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from cenſure ſave;
One where truth and prudence center,
And as ſecret as the grave.

DO not aſk me, charming Phillis,
Why I lead you here alone
By this bank of pinks and lillys,
And of roſes newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of thoſe flow'rs that crown the ſpring:
'Tis, to——but I know my duty,
And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worſt, but her denying.
Why ſhould I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry moment gently flying,
Smiles, and ſays, Make uſe of me.

What the ſun does to theſe roſes,
While the beams play gently in,
I would——but my fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
Aſk my eyes, and aſk your own;
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On

On this bank of pinks and lillys,
Might I ſpeak what I would do;
I would, with my lovely Phillis,
I would, I would,—ah! would you?

O! Jeany, Jeany, where haſt thou been?
Father and mother are ſeeking of thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of Jocky company.
O! Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the family:
As ſow as it gade, I brang hame the ſack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and flee;
Though victuals come hame again heal, what-reck
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And, Betty, ye ſpread your linen to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?
Ha! laſs, I ſaw you ſlip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk;
But when it was ſkail'd, where could thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They ſay the kiſſing clerk came w'ye.
O! ſilly laſſie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to yourſell, if Jock prove true:
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Tune, *Down the burn Davie.*

ASſiſt your vot'ry, friendly nine,
Inſpire becoming lays;
Cauſe Celia's matchleſs beauty ſhine,
Till heav'n and earth ſhall blaze.

She's pleasant as returning light,
Sweet as the morning-ray,
When Phebus quells the shades of night,
And brings the chearful day.

Her graceful forehead's wond'rous fair,
As purest air serene;
No gloomy passions rising there
O'ercast the peaceful scene:
Her small bright eyebrows finely bend;
Transport darts from her eyes;
The sparkling di'mond they transcend,
Or stars which gem the skies.

A rising blush, of heav'nly dye,
O'er her fair cheek still glows;
Her shining locks in ringlets lie:
Well shap'd and siz'd her nose.
Her smiling lips are lovely red,
Like roses newly-blown:
Her iv'ry teeth, for most part hid,
You'd wish for ever shown.

Her snowy neck and breasts, like glass
Or polish'd marble smooth,
That nymph's in beauty far surpass
Who fir'd the Trojan youth.
Her slender waist, white arm, and hand,
Just symmetry does grace.
What's hid, from these, if you demand,
Let lively fancy trace.

A sprightly and angelic mind,
Reigns in this comely frame,
With decent ease acts unconfin'd,
Inspires the whole, like flame.
Minerva or Diana's state,
With Venus' softness join'd,
Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,
Love's rightful Queen design'd.

Good

Good gods, what raptures fire my ſoul!
How flutters my fond heart!
When tender glances art controul,
And love ſuppreſs'd impart.
Propitious pow'rs, make Celia mine,
Complete my dawning bliſs;
At monarchs pomp I'll not repine,
Nor grudge their happineſs.

Tune, *The laſs that would know*, &c.

BE wary, my Celia, when Celadon ſues,
Theſe wits are the bane of your charms:
Beauty play'd againſt reaſon will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young Damon, deſpis'd for his plainneſs of parts,
Has worth that a woman ſhould prize;
He'll run the race out, though he heavily ſtarts,
And diſtance the ſhort-winded wiſe.

Your fool is a ſaint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray;
Your wit but looks in, and makes haſte to remove,
'Tis a ſtage he but takes in his way.

LEander on the bay
Of Helleſpont, all naked ſtood;
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging ſeas, whom none can pleaſe,
'Gainſt him their malice ſhow;
The heav'ns lowr'd, the rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies!
Ye ſtormy winds and angry main!

What 'tis to miſs the lover's bliſs;
Alas!—ye do not know;
Make me your wreck, as I come back,
But ſpare me—as I go.

Lo!—yonder ſtands the tow'r
Where my beloved Hero lies!
And this th' appointed hour,
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond ſuit the gods were mute,
The billows anſwer'd—No!
Up to the ſkies the ſurges riſe;
But ſunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his ſtay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhould the paſſage prove.
O Fate!—ſaid ſhe, nor Heav'n nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide:
I'd leap this wall, could I but fall
By my Leander's ſide.

At length the riſing ſun
Did to her ſight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone,
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said ſhe, I'll ſhow, though we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
This proof I'll give, I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die—alone.

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her wearied arms to ſwim:
The ſea-gods wept, nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide;
When join'd at laſt, ſhe graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

RECIT.

RECIT. *HOW gentle was my Damon's air!*
Like sunny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine!

SONG. ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
Where to my swain I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to 'spy,
As o'er the airy steep they hung.
The mossy cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now through the rambling vale I pass,
And sigh to see the well-known shade;
I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
Each flower in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon there I seek in vain.

Tune, *Cumbernauld-house.*

AWake, ye drowsy swains, awake,
Behold the beauteous morning break;
Aurora's mantle gray appears,
And harmony salutes the ears.

The

The lark has soar'd a wond'rous height,
An', warbling, wings her airy flight;
The birds, soft-brooding o'er their nests,
Instruct their young from tuneful breasts.

A thousand beauties fill the plains;
Each twig affords melodious strains;
Through ev'ry eastern tree and bush,
The virgin day appears to blush.
Already Damon with his crook
Attends his flock at yonder brook;
The charming Chloe's by his side,
Of all the nymphs the shepherd's pride.

Unhappy sluggards in their beds,
With parched throats, and aching heads,
Have shut out day, and all its bliss,
To revel in a strumpet's kiss.
While rural swains enjoy the morn,
And laugh at ev'ry courtier's scorn,
Nor envy their voluptuous way;
But, while they sleep, enjoy the day. A. BRADLEY.

Tune, *Pinkie-house.*

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim:
He feels the passion, void of art,
The pure and constant flame.
Though sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

Your-

Your charms each ſlaviſh ſenſe controul,
A tyrant's ſhort-liv'd reign:
But milder reaſon rules the ſoul,
Nor time can break the chain.

By age your beauties will decay,
Your mind improves with years;
As when the bloſſoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.
May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my ſuit,
And bleſs each future hour;
That Damon, who can taſte the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flower.

Tune, *Banks of Forth.*

THough now, my Celia, we muſt part,
Still with thee ſhall I leave my heart:
Where-e'er I go, whate'er I be,
I never ſhall loſe ſight of thee.
No time ſhall blot thee from my mind,
No place ſhall leave thy form behind.
If in my room I ſit retir'd,
I there ſhall with thy ſhape be fir'd.

If to the groves I ſad repair,
Thy image ſhall o'ertake me there:
When in my garden I ſhall be,
Where ev'ry flower ſhall point to thee.
When ſleep ſhall all my ſenſes bind,
Thee ever in my dreams I'll find.
Thou ſhalt, when life is almoſt fled,
Mix with the angels round my bed.

And when theſe guardian powers convey
Me far from hence, not long I'll ſtay.
Oft I'll deſcend a form unſeen,
Oft I ſhall join thee on the green:
And when thou muſt no longer ſtay
On earth, I'll bear thee glad away.

Together

Together up to Heaven we'll dart,
There never, never more to part.

HAve you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders.
As scant as siller as of grace;
Disbanded, we've a bad-run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
For any man's resentment:
For, Lady fair, though I appear
To every ane a tinkler;
Yet to yourfel I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle Jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man;
But this fine plot you'll fail in;
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron;

For

For I've a tinkler under tack,
That's us'd to clout my caldron.

A Swain of love deſpairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel fate;
His grief the ſhepherds ſharing,
In circles round him ſat.
The nymphs in kind compaſſion,
The luckleſs lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the paſſion,
A ſigh for ſigh return'd.

O! friends, your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear;
Should Chloe but diſcover,
For me you'd ſhed a tear,
Her eyes ſhe'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendſhip ſoon ſubdue;
Too late you'd aſk forgiveneſs,
And for her mercy ſue.

Her charms ſuch force diſcover,
Reſiſtance is in vain;
Spite of yourſelf, you'll love her,
And hug the galling chain.
Her wit the flame increaſes,
And rivets faſt the dart;
She has ten thouſand graces,
And each could gain a heart.

But, oh! one more deſerving
Has thaw'd her frozen breaſt;
Her heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the reſt.
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought diſtracts my brain;
O cruel maid! Then ſwooning,
He fell upon the plain.

Tune,

Tune, *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

BOaſt not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdu'd my heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

Vain youth, to your confuſion know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire;
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

ZEphyr, who, with ſpring returning,
Wafted ſoft o'er opening flowers;
Breathing in the face of morning,
Wakes Aurora from her bowers,
While with love's fierce flame I languiſh
In theſe dry and deſart plains;
Gently breathe and ſoothe my anguiſh,
Fan my breaſt, and eaſe my pains.

Tune,

Tune, *The flowers of the foreſt.*

A Dieu ye ſtreams that ſmoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
I'll in ſome lonely cave reſide,
And ever mourn my faithful ſwain.
Flower of the foreſt was my love,
Soft as the ſighing ſummer's gale,
Gentle and conſtant as the dove,
Blooming as roſes in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did ſtray,
For me he ſearch'd the banks around;
But ah! the ſad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of ſwains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the ſtream,
Pale ſtalks his ghoſt on yonder grove,
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,
Awake, I mourn my hopeleſs love.

To the ſame tune.

I'Ve ſeen the ſmiling
Of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
I've ſeen, &c.

Sweet was its bleſſing,
Kind its careſſing,
But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.
Sweet was, &c.

I've ſeen the foreſt
Adorned the foremoſt
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay;

Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their ſcent the air perfuming;
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've ſeen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſt ſtorming before the middle day.
I've ſeen, &c.

I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams
Shining in the ſunny beams;
Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.
I've ſeen, &c.

O fickle fortune!
Why this cruel ſporting?
O why ſtill perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are withered away.

Tune, *Roſline caſtle.*

'TWas in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay;
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſline caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a ſong:
To Nanny raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;

In

In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raviſh'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

Come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine,
Around that modeſt brow of thine;
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

Tune, *The Highland Queen.*

NO more my ſong ſhall be, ye ſwains,
Of purling ſtreams or flow'ry plains;
More pleaſing beauties me inſpire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, ſweet innocence you'll find,
With freedoom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you or me
The brighteſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy ;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole ;
A matchleſs ſhape, a graceful mein,
All centers in my Highland Queen.

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle fate
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate ;
Has all theſe wond'rous gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more ;
No youth ſo happy can be ſeen,
Poſſeſſing thee my Highland Queen.

FINIS.

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